MAINE FARMER.

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c

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OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, OUR BROTHER MAN

Facts in regard to Flax.

We find in the Report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1848, some extracts translated from an account of experiments instituted by F. W. Janig, a German, on the growth of several species of plants, and among them flax. He says that flax grows, on an average, more in the night than in the day, and more in troubled weather than in sunshine, a proof that it requires for its success a moist atmosphere; and hence, also, succeeds so admirably in mountainous countries and on sea coasts. But it appears that, for a *rapid* success, a definite concentration of vapor, and, probably, also a certain degree of warmth is needed—for in the whole summer of 1846, I found the increase by day and night of 3 to 1.

We find some other facts in regard to this crop scattered about in different parts of the Report, which may be interesting to those who are about embarking in the culture and manufacture of this valuable product. The following statement will tend to show what a saving the valuable method of dressing flax by steam will effect in many sections of the Union.

In the State of New York, according to the census of 1845, not less than 46,096 acres were devoted to flax, producing at least 2,897,062½ lbs. In the Ohio Cultivator for September, 1848, page 134, we find the following statement: "A highly respectable and intelligent gentleman, residing within forty miles of Cincinnati, stated a few weeks since, that 100,000 bushels of flax seed were raised last season in his county, and that *nine-tenths* of the stalk was thrown away, the seed being got out by thrashing machines, or the trampling of horses, either of which modes of course destroys the fibre. This seed produced the growers about $65,000; and had the lint been saved, properly prepared and sent to Liverpool, or even New York, an additional product to the value of at least $150,000, above all cost, would have been the result; and this, it should be remembered, is only one of some twenty counties in that State where flax is extensively grown." Here we can see that if the new process could come generally into operation, the United States, instead of importing flax and linens by millions, would be an exporter of these articles, and there is quite a difference between sending out some six or seven millions a year to pay for articles of consumption, and having that amount coming in to pay for our manufactures.

We have a table showing the different mineral ingredients found by analysing the ashes of the flax stalk. We published something of the kind last year, but it may be interesting to some of our new subscribers to see the following. The table gives the analysis of flax grown in five different countries or districts, by which it appears to vary somewhat in the proportions of its ingredients when grown in different locations. We will put down only the ingredients of samples grown in Holland and Ireland. One hundred pounds of stalk yielded five pounds of ash when burnt.

100 lbs. Flax from Holland	100 lbs. Flax from near Dublin	yields,
18.41	9.78	Potash.
10.91	7.71	Soda.
5.65	3.99	Chloride of sodium.
18.37	12.53	Lime.
3.02	7.79	Magnesia.
2.36		Oxide of Iron.
1.44	6.08	Alumina.
9.68	2.65	Sulphuric acid.
11.06	10.84	Phosphoric acid.
13.75	16.95	Carbonic acid.
5.33	21.55	Silica.

Somerset Central Ag. Society.

The following notice of the annual exhibition of this Society we find in the last number of the Skowhegan Clarion. On account of the delay of some of the Committees in making their returns, the Committee of Arrangements had but a very limited time to prepare for the Show. They were disappointed in not obtaining the services of a gentleman, to whom application had been made, to deliver an address, and this was reluctantly given up. Notwithstanding all this, the Show and Fair passed off to the satisfaction of nearly all concerned.

"The exhibition of stock was nearly equal to any one ever had, and will compare favorably with any in the State. Very few sheep were exhibited, but a gentleman from Aroostook County drove in a flock for sale, which attracted some attention. They were called the Devonshire breed, nearly resembling the Dishley, but they did not meet with much favor. No swine were exhibited—there is a new breed in the neighborhood of Malbon's Mills which are very highly recommended, bought a year ago or more from select stock from Massachusetts. The horses were all young and many very fine. A fine lot of prime cows and heifers of improved breed were on the ground, and so of steers, &c.; all good. The oxen were excellent and exhibited superior power on the drag, considering that rowdies and inconsiderate anxious persons crowded around them so that they had hardly air to breathe—among the rest one moderate sized yoke of Mr. Haughton's exhibited excellent power and discipline without fear, and drew the load nearly equal to any. After the crowd dispersed, Mr. Nay's steers surprised all beholders with their powers, hauling the load nearly equal to large oxen. The exhibition of manufactured and fancy articles was not so extensive as usual, but quite a lot was there as is seen by the premiums allowed. Some of these articles were very nice and exhibited much skill and patience. On the second day, though excessively rainy, there was considerable attendance, at which time the officers were elected for the ensuing year."

Enclose new flannel in a bag; put it into a boiler with cold water; heat and boil it. It will never shrink any more after this operation, and should then be made up into garments.

THE FARMER'S REST.

The following beautiful and appropriate hymn was composed by Charles H. Granger, of Saco, to be sung at the York County Agricultural Society's Cattle Show and Fair, which was held in Limerick on the 11th ult. Mr. Granger has, before this, gratified the farmers of York and of the State, by contributions of his muse to their cause, and we are glad to find in him, not only a poet abundantly able, but cheerfully willing to assist in these farmers' festivals. Ed.

How sweetly comes the Farmer's rest
When harvest toil is o'er!
With home and health and freedom blest,
He asks no richer store.
And when cold winter clothes the earth
With drifting heaps of snow,
He calmly sits beside his hearth
Cheer'd by its warming glow.
Around are objects of his love,—
His wife and children dear;
And there his aged parents move,
"In yellow leaf and sere."
Now richly does the Farmer's rest
Repay the toil that 's o'er;
And calm content, a welcome guest,
Stands smiling at his door.

When Spring puts on her mantle green,
And wild-flow'rs scent the air,
The Farmer walks with joyous mien
Behind his bright ploughshare.
The birds around the furrows sing,
And cheer him on his way,
And tender blades about him spring
'Neath softest show'rs of May.
And while upturns the rich brown soil,
His eye prophetic views
The rip'ning fruits of all his toil
Refresh'd by nightly dews.
Then fancy paints the coming rest
When harvest days are o'er;
And God, with pious heart is blest,
The giver of his store.

When Summer comes, with cloudless skies,
And noontide burning ray,
The merry rake and fork he plies,
Amid the new-mown hay,
While all around him odors sweet,
Are wafted on the air,
And grateful sounds his senses greet,
With all their music rare.
And when he rises with the morn,
With vigor fresh and new,
Luxuriant vines and waving corn
Salute his gladden'd view;
Or when the sun sinks in the west,
And cooling breezes rise,
Again he paints the coming rest
As homeward then he hies.

Now Autumn closing up the scene,
Proclaims the harvest day;
And Nature doffs her robe of green
For one of sober gray.
Bright summer days are gone and past,
While now the rustling trees,
Their tinted leaves are dropping fast,
To float upon the breeze.
With joy the Farmer hails the hour
When barns and cellars prove,
How good and bounteous is his pow'r,—
How great his Maker's love.
Now richly does the Farmer's rest
Repay the toil that 's o'er,
And calm content a welcome guest
Stands smiling at his door.

Now Winter comes and brings at last
The Farmer's promis'd rest,
Seed-time and Harvest now are past,
And with their fruits he 's blest.
The Grandsire sits beside the hearth
While grandsons climb his knee,
And joyous is the old man's mirth
To see their childish glee.
There 's pence and plenty, joy and health
About that bright fireside;
These are the Farmer's richest wealth,—
And these his greatest pride.
And now indeed he finds his rest
When harvest days are o'er,
And God again is humbly blest,
The Giver of his store.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

On Agricultural Implements.

The Committee on Agricultural Implements, having attended to the duty assigned them, report, that, from the small number of implements presented, their task was small indeed.

Three lots of plows only were entered; one of which was from Unity, and manufactured by T. B. Hussey, of that place, and consequently not entitled to premium; but which, in the judgment of your Committee, had many of the requisites of a first rate plow, and was every way worthy of trial.

The Committee regret that, from the state of the weather, no opportunity was afforded them of seeing the plows in operation, thus depriving them of the only means which would have enabled them to decide understandingly on the respective merits of each.

In the exercise of an impartial judgment, we considered the *Doe Plow* superior to any other sward plow offered for premium, and have therefore awarded the Society's premium for the best sward plow to No. 10, (Allen Lambard, Augusta;) for the second best to No. 20, (Isaac Garfield, Augusta;) for the best seed plow to No. 21, (I. Garfield;) for the second best seed plow, to No. 10, (A. Lambard.)

A very superior side-hill plow, and a very excellent wheel-cultivator were also exhibited, of first rate workmanship and make, which received high commendation. They were from Mr. Garfield's manufactory.

No. 71, (D. Cargill, Winthrop,) was a patent bee-hive, which, in the opinion of the Committee, possessed many advantages in the facility with which the operations and condition of the swarm were examined, and portions of the honey removed, without disturbing the bees. They award to it the Society's first premium.

All which is respectfully submitted.

J. G. Brown, Per order.

On Steers and Steer Calves.

To the Trustees of the Ken. Co. Ag. Society: The Committee on Steers, Steer Calves and Teams of Steers, having attended to the duty assigned them, beg leave to present the following report:

There were six pairs of three years old steers entered for premium, all of which were examined by your Committee. Our worthy friend, J. H. Underwood, of Fayette, exhibited three pairs of very fine animals, such as are not often to be met with. We award to him the Society's first premium.

The second premium on three years old steers we award to F. B. Davis, of Hallowell, for his grade steers. Nathaniel Lovering, of Augusta, presented a pair of three years old steers, which fell but little short of friend Davis'. Henry A. Caldwell, of Augusta, also presented a pair of fine three years old steers.

There were seven pairs of two years old steers examined, which spoke well for the owners. The grade steers presented by our friend John Prescott, were nice and smooth, and we award to him the Society's first premium. The second we award to F. & E. Hawkes, of Hallowell—their steers were not large, but very smooth and handsome. Emmons Williams, of Readfield, presented a pair of large two years old steers, weighing 2379 pounds, of the Durham breed, which were reared wholly on hay and grass. We think Mr. Williams entitled to much credit for his large steers, and we would say that your Committee were divided in their opinion in relation to the award; but having a preference for the *beautiful*, it was given to the other steers. Our friend H. G. Cole, of Hallowell, presented a pair of two years old steers, but one of them was not *'exactly t'other one.* J. B. Neal, of Readfield, and John Shed, of Augusta, each presented a pair of fine steers.

There were no yearling steers entered for premium. There were three pairs of steer calves entered, and we award to John Otis, of Hallowell, the first premium, and the second to Emmons Williams. Your Committee examined a pair, said to belong to Walter W. Philbrook, of Augusta, which were very fine calves; but as we could find no owner, we could not award him a premium for them.

There were no teams of steers entered, and the natural inference is, that the teams of oxen will soon come up minus.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

E. S. Case, Per Order.

Another Drummond Light.

A very ingenious invention has been made and patented by a Mr. Drummond, which may be called an extemporaneous Candle maker.

It is in shape a very neat and compactly made candle stick, with rather a large body to it. In this body is deposited a coil of wicking, and it is also filled with tallow. This tallow, when cold, is pushed upward by a piston or follower by means of a screw attached to the flange or bottom piece, on which the whole stands. As you turn this bottom, the piston is pushed up, and the tallow with the wick is protruded through a tube at the top, of the size of a good sized candle. In this way as fast as your candle burns down, you can by a "hand's turn" make a new one, smooth and handsome and *slick*. It is a very convenient affair, and will save a deal of trouble in dipping or running candles in a mould. All that you need is two or three of these in the family with tallow to *match*.

Mr. Ezra Clark, of Portland, is the proprietor of the invention in Maine, and he will be glad to supply the article to those who want. One of them can be seen at our office.

Mr. Clark has published the following statements respecting the invention:

"The novelty of the idea of *'making and wicking your own candles by simply turning the bottom of the candlestick,'* seems to require a statement of a few facts in regard to the properties of tallow and tallow candles, not generally known.

The hardest tallow when subjected to a kneading process, becomes plastic! This fact was discovered by the distinguished gentleman whose name has been given to this candlestick, and was the result of experiments made with a view to form candles with a *dry wick*.

It is generally supposed that *tallow* candles must flicker, or burn with an unsteady, jumping flame, simply because they are *tallow*. Now the fact is quite the reverse. A tallow candle may be made to burn as steady as a lamp, by forming a candle with the wick *smooth*, and exactly in the *center*—that is to say, any process by which the fibre of the wick is made to lie down smooth; it is the fibre standing out (or any unevenness) which make all dip, and mould candles flicker. This is well understood by makers of sperm candles; hence the braided wick which we so frequently see now.

It is generally supposed that a *tallow* candle must run, or drop, simply because it is *tallow*. This is a mistake, as is demonstated by the 'Drummond Candlestick.' The *dry wick*, by absorbing a part of the melting material, together with the consumption prevent running or dropping.

Hence the advantages of the Drummond Candlestick!

1. Its Economy. It makes and *wicks its own candles*, out of the cold tallow, lard, or other substance of which cheap candles are made, (possessing the proper consistency,) by simply turning the bottom of the candlestick; thus you have a candle for just what the *material costs* of which it is made, the trouble of filling being less than a lamp, inasmuch as it only requires to be filled once in six days. A candle made of tallow, at eight cents per pound, may be had at *one cent* per night! allowing it to be burned four hours, the usual time in which artificial light is required.

2. It makes a candle which will not run or drip, like the ordinary dip or mould candle, owing, as I have said before, to the wick being dry, and in burning absorbs a part of the melting material.

3. It makes a candle which will not flicker or vibrate, because the wick, being drawn through a tube and then thoroughly compressed by the cold material is laid exactly in the centre of the candle, with every fibre laid smooth.

4. It makes a candle twenty-four inches long, the whole of which may be burned at the height of one inch, or any length to please the person using. To those who sew, or do any work requiring a light at the same place all the time, the superior advantage of the 'Candlestick' will be apparent.

5. Its neatness. It is *never* by any means necessary to touch the candle with the hand; the body of the candlestick (or cylinder containing the material) is grasped with the left hand, and the bottom is turned with the right; thus making and wicking a candle.

6. Its simplicity. A child may manage it, and with fair usage it cannot get out of order."

Plough Cleaner.

Every one, who has held plough any, knows that when ploughing in ground where the turf has been broken and not become tender, or in some stubble, as also in many other places, the plough is liable to become clogged, and it causes considerable trouble to keep it clear.

Mr. Addison Newell, of Montville, brought into our office, the other day, an apparatus for enabling the ploughman to clear the plough himself, without leaving the handles or stopping the team. It is called the "Pivoted Lever Plough-Cleaner," and was patented by William W. Metcalf, of Adams Co., Pa., in Oct. 1848. We have not seen it operate while attached to a plough. The principle of its action appears to be good, and we think it may be of service.

Any one wishing to see it can find one at Garfield's Plough Factory, on Water street, in this place. Mr. Garfield will be happy to show it and explain the mode of its operation.

Agricultural Associations—Root Culture Recommended.

The following extracts are from a late speech of the Hon. Daniel Webster, delivered at the Norfolk County Agricultural Festival.

I will say, gentlemen, that the great practical truth of the present generation is that public improvements are brought about by voluntary association and combination. The principle of association—the practice of bringing men together bent on the same general object, pursuing the same general end, and uniting their intellectual and their physical efforts to that purpose, is a great improvement in the present age. We knew it years ago—perhaps I might say centuries ago. It began in the corporations of the cities of the old world. It began in professional associations in the old world—in the legal, the medical, and the theological. But it was long in that country and in this, before this principle of combination came to be acted upon in the great system of agriculture, before it was brought to that pursuit of life which is the main pursuit of life, before agriculturists were brought to act in unison. And the reason is obvious. In cities, communities strive together. The merchants and ship-owners can come together at the sound of a bell. The mechanics generally, living in populous places, may do the same. They have the opportunity of interchange of sentiments every hour, and what one knows, all know; and what is the experience of one, all soon become acquainted with. But the population is scattered over all the fields of the country. Their labors and toils are in some degree isolated. They are in the midst of the hills and the valleys and in the recesses of every solitary forest. There is no 'Change for them to assemble upon at noon. There are no coffee-houses, there are no Athenaeums for them to meet at in the evening and converse on their interests. It has, therefore, become essential to the best interests of the farmers of the Commonwealth, that these annual fairs should be established, and that they should be universally attended. And as His Excellency the Governor has remarked, it is not so much the exhibition of specimens of animals and manufactures; it is not so much on account of what is to be learned by the most eloquent discourses in the public houses, or at the other establishments, from the meeting of men together who have the same general object, who wish for improvement in the same general pursuits of life, but that they may converse with one another, that they compare with each other their experience, and that they may keep up a constant communication. It is in this point of view—in this greatly practical point of view—that these annual fairs are of importance. Why, gentlemen, every man obtains a very great portion of all that he knows in this world by conversation. Conversation—intercourse with other minds is the general source of most of our common knowledge. Books do something, but every man has not the opportunity to read. It is *conversation* that improves. If any one of us here to-day, learned or unlearned, should deduct what he has learned by conversation from what he knows, he would find but very little left, and that little not of the most valuable kind. It is conversation—it is the meeting of men face to face, and talking over what they have common in interest—it is this intercourse that makes men sharp, intelligent, ready to communicate information to others, and ready to receive intimations from them, and ready to act upon those only which they receive by this communication.

Therefore, if there was not a thing exhibited—if there was not a good pair of steers nor a fine horse nor likely cow in the whole county, if there be society—if there be ladies—wives and daughters—if there be those connected with the tillage of land, I say that these annual meetings are highly important to progress in the art to which they refer.

Gentlemen, I live in a neighboring county of not so good land in general as the county of Norfolk. Yet there are portions of it resembling in some degree certain portions of this county, and my object on this occasion is simply to be useful. I desire to use no tropes or figures. I come here as a poor farmer to meet with other better farmers, ready to receive from them any intimations their experience may have taught, and desirous only of suggesting something for their reflection which now or hereafter may draw their attention, and draw it usefully to something in the Agricultural Art.

There is nothing that I know of in my mode of culture of the thin and light lands which I possess, different from the general method of cultivation in the Commonwealth except this, that I have been persuaded, by reading, and by observation abroad, that there is one species of cultivation almost unknown in the state of Massachusetts which is still very well suited for the counties of Norfolk, Plymouth, Bristol, and other places where there is a great proportion of light land, I mean the root cultivation—that of turnips and beets. And from all flights of oratory upon Agriculture, I come down to simple beets and turnips, and to give you one word upon that subject.

Now the time is coming when the light lands must yield themselves to this culture. I argue it from analogy; I see that the cultivation of the turnip crop is the very soul and substance of English husbandry, I see that England would fail to pay the interest of her national debt if turnips were excluded from her culture.

It is just as certain as anything in the world, it would be impossible for the cultivation of England to go on without the culture of turnips. It is several years since it was first introduced there. Nobody here has hardly yet attended to it, and everybody there knows all about it. It is the green crop of turnips which has rendered England so rich in Agriculture.

What are the cattle and the sheep of England supported on? On corn or dry wheat? It is not extravagant to say that four-fifths of the beef of England (the best in the world) is fattened upon the turnips of England. As to rearing so many sheep, (I do not know the number) perhaps sixty or seventy millions of fleeces per year, without turnips, nobody thinks of doing such a thing. Now, I would say, that the light lands of this part of the country are as favorable for turnips as in England, with one exception. In England the turnip crop is usually consumed by the animals in the field. It is not a country where there is a great severity of winter. The ground is not frozen for any considerable part of the time to prevent the sheep from being out in all weather. But this is not the case in Scotland where the crop of it is equally profitable. There they draw it as it is called—they house it, and a very slight covering, will keep off the frost there and also here.

This is the basis of their prodigious production of animal food and wool which those countries yield. I have compared statistics—I have looked at the products of my own small field, and I find that I have now down there (the poorest farmer on the poorest farm in the poorest county.) I have turnips which I am willing to show to, and compare with any farmer in Yorkshire.

We talk about the breed of cattle, and to be sure, it is very important. But allow me to say, that no breed can be good and strong, and fat and handsome, without good keeping. We must adopt three rules which the old Cato gave with regard to the raising of animals—"Feed," "Feed well," "Feed high."

Now, gentlemen, we see in the eastern part of the Commonwealth, cattle not such as they should be, because we see pastures so dry, so rocky, so covered with bushes, that they would be able to defy all the breeds in creation. The great point to which improvement should tend is to improve the means of sustaining animals—to increase the quantity and improve the quality of the food for animals. And I believe, that in pursuit of that end, when the turnips of Norfolk will compare not unsatisfactorily with the turnips in England—when there will be numerous individuals who have made their fortunes in this species of culture, that good breeds will necessarily arise. And here again I would refer in rather a more serious tone to Mr. Quincy of Quincy, whether everything of profit in animals does not depend on the mode of keeping. That is my opinion, and I record it now, and I leave it recorded for future use. It may not come into fashion in my day. If you do not try it your children will try it. And if there be any young man here with a few acres fit for this purpose—if he will put it into proper shape and will obtain the seed of the sweet turnip (and it is better to send to England for it) and put it into the ground between the fourth and tenth of July—pay some little attention to it, thin it out well once, and if it does not turn out the best and most profitable crop that ever he had, why, I wish him to come immediately to Marshfield.

I wish well to Agriculture, and yet I think Agriculture is dead and lifeless unless other pursuits are encouraged. I know that the agricultural producer is nothing unless there is a consumer. I know, therefore that the interests of commerce, and I know, moreover, that the great interests of manufactures and ought to be as dear to the farmer as his handsomest stock, his choicest implements, or his best soil, even as, in deed, all these interests. There cannot be good farms with ample remuneration where there is no successful merchandise—where there is no successful shipmaking or navigation. Observe, I speak of *farming*—farming in our New England sense. I am not speaking of that which is called the planting interest, where the most is produced for exportation. I speak of farming. Planting is connected with capital. That capital is usually slaves. The success of that business depends on the fall or rise of the commoddity raised in a foreign market. It is not farming. With our farmers it is different. If we have a surplus we send it to market if the price be high, and that makes our profit. But, if the market be low, yet we have enough in our own houses, without selling or buying food, and we eat and drink and are happy for the winter. But we consider that if we go to a plantation concern, where tobacco and cotton are the only things sent to the market, you perceive that any change in the market necessarily runs through the whole year. The planter's success depends entirely on one crop, and it compels him to buy every thing and sell only one thing.

Now, gentlemen, I do not speak merely of one thing, and not others. Farming consists of raising many articles for the subsistence of human life, and selling the surplus to friends. I say that this is as much dependent on the success of other classes of industry, as it is upon the success of its own class. I say that in this view the agricultural, commercial and manufacturing interest is a common one, bound together by an indissoluble connection. One cannot rise if others fall. One will not fall if others rise.

Important Discovery in Ventilation.

At a time when cholera, with an appalling voice, calls the most earnest attention to house ventilation, and dreadful explosions and loss of life in mines demand no less efforts to devise means for the prevention of these calamities, we have much satisfaction in anticipating that human residences may easily be supplied with a continual circulation of wholesome air, and the most dangerous subterraneous works be preserved against accidents from foul currents of fire-damp. Dr. Chowne has enrolled a patent for Improvements in Ventilating Rooms and Apartments, of the perfect efficacy of which, we believe, there cannot be a doubt, and on a principle at once most simple and unexpected. Without going into details at present, we may state that the improvements are based upon an action in the syphon which had not previously attracted the notice of any experimenter, viz. that if fixed with legs of unequal length, the air rushes into the shorter leg, and circulates up, and discharges itself from the longer leg. It is easy to see how readily this can be applied to any chamber, in order to purify its atmosphere. Let the orifice of the shorter leg be disposed where it can receive the current, and lead it into the chimney (in mines, into the shaft) so as to convert that chimney or shaft into the longer leg, and you have at once the circulation complete. A similar air syphon can be employed in ships, and the lowest holds, where disease is generated in the close berths of the crowded seaman, be rendered as fresh as the upper decks.

The curiosity of this discovery is that air in a syphon reverses the action of water, or other liquid, which enters and descends or moves down in the longer leg and rises up in the shorter leg!! This is now a demonstrable fact; but how is the principle to be accounted for? It puzzles our philosophy. That air in the bent tube is not to the surrounding atmosphere as water, or any heavier body, is evident; and it must be from this relation that the updraft in the longer leg is caused, and the constant circulation and withdrawal of polluted gasses carried on. But be this as it may, one thing is certain—that a more useful and important discovery, has never been made for the comfort and health of civilized man. We see no end to its application. There is no sanitary suggestion to which it may not form a most beneficial adjunct. There is not a cellar, a crypt, or a black, close hole anywhere that it may not cleanse and disinfect. We trust that no time will be lost in bringing it to the public test on a large scale, and we foresee no impediment to its being immediately and universally adopted for the public weal. We ought to remark that fires or heating apparatus are not at all necessary; and that, as the specification expresses it, "this action is not prevented by making the shorter leg hot whilst the longer leg remains cold, and no artificial heat is necessary to the longer leg of the air-syphon to cause this action to take place." Extraordinary as this may appear, we have witnessed the experiments made in various ways with tubes from less than an inch to nearly a foot in diameter, and we can vouch for the fact being perfectly demonstrated. Light gas descends the shorter leg when heated, and ascends the longer leg where the column of air is much colder and heavier.

[London Literary Gazette.

Africa.

What a wonderful continent it is, this rounded, smooth-shored Africa; known from the earliest dawn of time, yet so unknown; the granary of nations, yet sterile and fruitless as the sea; swarming with life, yet dazzling the eyes of Moon-men with its vast tract of glittering sand. North America first seen but the other day, has been probed from end to end; its gallant and restive Philips, Tecumsehs and Montezumas have been bridled and broken by the white man; but Africa has sent no Cortez, or even a de Soto or La Salle, "wringing favors from fate," as Santa Anna has it. Some solitary Mungo Park, or faithful Lander, or persevering Bruckhardt, alone has tried to read the secret of the mother of civilization, the grey-haired African.

If we seek a land of romance and mystery, what quarter of the globe compares with that which holds the pyramids; the giant Theban temples, one roof of which clusters a modern village; the solemn, hewn mountain cliff of a Sphinx; the ruins of Carthage; the Nile with its hidden sources; the Niger, with its unknown outlet; the heaven-bearing atlas; the dimly seen mountains of the moon!

There Joseph, the slave, rose romantically to be the ruler of millions; there, Moses, floating in his cradle, is saved, in the purest spirit of romance, by a king's daughter, and like the hero of some earlier chivalry, Arthur and Merlin in one; breaks the bonds of his people and founds a new and mighty nation; there was the home of Dido, of Hannibal, the scene of Scipio's triumphs, Jugurtha's crimes; there lived Tertullian Athanasius, and Augustine; the romance of the Moors dwelt there; the last breath of the sainted Louis of France was drawn there; and but a year has elapsed since the last shout of the latest hero of romance, Abd-el-Kadir, came faintly across the Atlantic.

Africa is the home of the Leviathan, the behemoth, the unicorn, the giraffe, the slight antelope scarce bigger than a cat, the earth-shaking elephant, the unaccountable lion, the all-conquering buffalo. It is the home, too, of the mysterious negro races, races yet lying dormant in the germ; destined, perhaps, to rule this earth when our proud Anglo-Saxon blood is as corrupt as that of the descendants of Homer and Pericles.

The Past, Present, and Future of Africa are alike wrapt in mystery. Who can tell us of the childhood of dark browed Egypt, square shouldered and energetic! Carthage, the England of the old world's rule, has not even a romancing Livy, still less an unwearied Niebuhr, to explain her rise, and untangle the mysteries of her constitution. Of all the vast interior, the Abyssinias and Soudons, what do we know more than the Punic merchants, who, like us, dealt there, taking slaves, ivory and gold?

And what can we hope hereafter to see in those immense, unknown lands! God has enabled the European to drive the North American, step by step, towards extinction, and has given our great continent for the full developments and trial of whatever permanent power the Caucasian race possesses; but Africa he had preserved—for what! For future contest! For an imported, foreign civilization, to be entered through Liberias and Cape Colonies! For future contest! France and Britain are watching each other now along those burning sands, as they once watched by the icy rocks of Canada and Acadia; is it to end in the same subjection of the aboriginal owners to one or both of these land pirates! Or does the dark race in all its varieties possess a capacity for understanding and living out the deep meaning of the world's ruler, Christianity, as the offspring of the followers of Odin never did, and never can, understand and act it!

If the old Egyptian Sesostris had paused amid his conquering and rock-hewing to contemplate the illiterate wanderers of Greece, to whom a Cadmus was just striving to make known the letters of Phœnicia, would not Plato and Aristotle have seemed as impossible to him, as the existence in Africa of a higher Christianity than has yet been seen, seems to us! Would not the present position of the Teutonic race have appeared equally incredible to the founder of the Parthenon, the loungers in the gardens of the Academy! [North American Review.

The Sciota Valley.

The Sciota Valley, in Ohio, is one of the most lovely spots in the Western States, and is famed for the fertility and salubrity of its soil. The following remarks in relation to this valley are from the Cincinnati Gazette:

"The Sciota valley is far-famed for the beauty of its natural scenery, its park-like woodlands, extensive plains, barrens and prairies, and its exceeding productiveness. There is, probably, no portion of country in the Union, of equal extent, possessing as much beauty, fertility of soil, and all things else uniting, to make it as desirable for human habitation. It is also far-famed as having been the favorite resort and home of powerful tribes of 'Native Americans,' and its Indian traditions, mounds and relics, and the bloody tragedies, battles, thrilling incidents and treaties connected with its history, make it pre-eminently 'classic ground.'

The extensive 'bottom lands,' would produce one hundred bushels of Indian corn to the acre, and all other grains and vegetables in proportion. The 'barrens,' the name indicating sterility, as the land was supposed to be valueless, were originally covered with scrub oak, resembling the 'oak-openings' of the more western states, and produce luxuriant crops of grass, oats, &c. Those rich lands were settled, mainly, by emigrants from Pennsylvania and Virginia, and are still held by them and their descendants. A large portion of the land upon the west side of the river is held in large tracts, and farmed by tenants, which has been and still is a serious impediment to the general prosperity of the Valley, and to the thrift, comforts, and good husbandry of entire 'neighborhoods' and townships. The farmer who holds the plow must own the land, otherwise there will be seldom seen well improved lands, well fenced fields, good barns, neat and comfortable dwelling houses.

The traveller, if he be a 'Yankee' born and bred, in passing through this luxuriant valley, will admire the large corn-fields, the green meadows, the extensive plains, covered with large herds of blooded cattle, and the *occasional* baronical mansion; he will be astonished to find along this fertile valley a continued succession of farm-houses—ragged in appearance without, and comfortless within—no 'door-yards,' nor shrubs, nor plants, nor flowers, no wood-sheds, or out-houses—very few barns and never any sheds, stables, and the like evidences of 'home comforts' and good husbandry. And the very general absence of all these 'appurtenances' which, in a *Yankee's* estimation are indispensable to thrift, comfort and civilization, is strikingly noticeable in this rich valley, which pre-eminently abounds in 'milk and honey.'

This state of things may be attributed, in part, to the fact, that the climate is more mild and genial than at the north and east; but it is owing, mainly, to the fact, that the original settlers were principally from that portion of the Union, where neat farm-houses, wood-houses, door-yards, flower gardens, ornamental shrubs and trees, and warm stables and sheds are not classed among the things *necessary* to the comfort of 'man and beast.'

This valley is celebrated, among other things, for the raising of fine cattle and extensive cornfields. At this season of the year are to be seen a constant succession of large herds of cattle, from one to three and five hundred, grazing in a single field; and cornfields of five hundred acres, and several thousands of acres in contiguous fields. Two-thirds of all the cattle are white and 'speckled,' a peculiarity we had supposed appertaining almost exclusively to Holland."

Parsnips.

A correspondent has written to inquire "whether we know, by our own experience, the quality of the parsnip for feeding and fattening pigs." In answer, we beg to state, that, at our farm at Catlands Bingmea, we have been in the habit of employing parsnips for that purpose for some time. Upon reference to our books, we find that on the 11th of October, 1847, we put up two shotes of eleven weeks old, and fed them on skim milk and parsnips, for three months, when they were killed, weighing two hundred and thirty-one and two hundred and thirty-eight pounds. They were well fattened, firm in flesh, and the meat of excellent flavor. The quantity of parsnips consumed by them was nine bushels each.

[Sussex [English] Express.

Remarks. We have often wondered that no account is made of this valuable root. All the world is alive to the value of the carrot; while this esculent is entirely overlooked. That the parsnip contains more saccharine matter than the carrot, or even any of the beets, we are satisfied. A very excellent wine is made of it, which we venture to assert cannot be made from any other of the whole root crop. Its estimation as an edible for the table also tells in its favor. And a herd of hogs turned into a field containing bagas, beets, carrots, and parsnips, would not be long in settling the question which they like the best; and as they cannot read the Genesee Farmer, and are not influenced by any of our blundering theories, and trust alone to experience, and that unerring guide that nature has provided them in the place of reason, we are disposed to give them the credit of being very capable judges—very.

[Genesee Farmer.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

MAINE FARMER.

R. EATON, Proprietor. | E. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA:

THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 8, 1849.

The Canadian Ploughing Match.

We have been not a little amused by the remarks of the junior editor of the Canadian Agriculturist in regard to the ploughing match which came off at the Show and Fair of the Provincial Agricultural Society on the 21st of Sept. last at Kingston.

Perhaps some of our readers will recollect our publishing some remarks made last year, we believe, by the same person, in regard to Yankee ploughs exhibited at Buffalo last year.

He then thought that by another year the Canadians would be able to eclipse the Universal Yankee nation in ploughing, and accordingly a challenge was given for all to "come and see."

From his own honest and candid remarks on the contest, it will seem that our neighbors will have to "pick their flints and try again," before they can be entitled even to a ploughman's laurels. We will let him tell his story.

There were, said he, thirteen or fourteen entries in the class for men, and only *one* for boys. But such ploughs! and such teams and ploughmen, we venture to say were never before collected together at a ploughing match in Canada West.

Their work fully justified the expectations we had formed. The land, to be sure, was not the best; it contained numerous small stones, and was of a loose, gravelly texture, but a good ploughman will show his skill on such a soil as well as on the best. * * * *

In the present case every rule that was ever laid down to secure good ploughing was violated; and every defect that could be imagined in a case of *bad* ploughing, whether in the construction or tempering of the ploughs, the training of the teams, or the skill of the ploughmen, was exhibited. We never saw such an exhibition before, and we trust we may never see its like again. In the first place the lands were staked out at each end of the field, and the ploughmen were allowed to plant small stakes about three or four rods apart in a direct line between the two at either end, in order, we suppose, to run their furrows straight, but with all this precaution, it was by some deemed necessary to get a man to *lead* their horses by the head. * * A yoke of oxen, with a worn out Yankee plough, took their place with the rest, and for aught we can see did their work as well. Some of the ploughmen carried their reins in the old fashioned way over their heads; others seemed to have borrowed new ropes for the occasion, which were allowed to draw nine or ten feet behind—from an unwillingness to spoil them by cutting, and to add picturesqueness to the scene. * * Every two or three rods a stone would knock up the plough, when away she would go for another rod at least, before the unfortunate ploughman could get her into the ground again. As to stopping the team and drawing back the plough to the place at which she was thrown out, this never seemed to be thought of. Of course, at the next round the sod was either entered or a divergence made to the right, exhibiting Hogarth's line of beauty to the admiring spectators.

Our friend, however, got some crumbs of comfort from the failure of a Yankee to succeed any better than the Canadians. Mr. Briggs, of the firm of Rapalje & Briggs, of Rochester, N. Y., was on the ground with a lot of agricultural implements carried there for exhibition, and also entered the lists with them, but with no better success. Indeed, he thinks this plough did the worst work in the field. In another part of his account of the exhibition he thinks the Yankee ploughs are only adapted to cross ploughing. We do not know what patterns of ploughs were exhibited there from "the States," but we are sure that our friend has n't seen all the varieties of ploughs in Yankeedom yet; and if we live till the Atlantic and Montreal railroad is finished, we 'll send him an *Up Easter* that will turn a provincial furrow equal to any in "Fader-land."

United States Board of Agriculture.

It was a recommendation of Washington that there should be a Home Department of Agriculture. "It will not be doubted," said that wise and sagacious man, "that with reference either to individual or national welfare, agriculture is of primary importance. In proportion as nations advance in population, and other circumstances of maturity, this truth becomes more apparent, and renders the cultivation of the soil more and more an object of public patronage. *Institutions for supporting it grow up, supported by the public purse, and to what object can it be dedicated with greater propriety?*" Political preferment has always been in such demand that this recommendation of Washington has never been acted upon, and we have now men among the farmers of the country who affect to believe that the idea of supporting institutions for the promotion of agriculture by the public purse is a puerile idea, and one that ought not to receive the attention of the agricultural community. While this idea is promulgated with zeal and industry, worthy of a better cause, among us, other nations are waking up to the importance of the subject, and are establishing schools and other institutions for the very purpose of giving their young men a more thorough knowledge of the application of science to agricultural pursuits, as at present done—and to qualify them to direct both the practical routine of the business skilfully, on the farm, and to enter with accuracy into future investigations and research, for the purpose of developing principles as yet not well understood.

We hope that the "sober second thought" of the people will prompt them to ask of our Congress to put the recommendation of Washington into practice, and that a Board of Agriculture may be established. Such a Board, duly organized and filled with competent men, would be fruitful in "national benefits," and be the means of disseminating a vast amount of knowledge throughout the Union—knowledge that would be of essential service in the peaceful but indispensable business which clothes, feeds and sustains us all.

MR. CLUER'S LECTURE. Mr. J. C. Cluer, the "Scottish orator," has been lecturing in this town on temperance subjects. Mr. Cluer is a full-blooded, Canny Scotchman, and is a fluent and fearless speaker, in a style peculiar to himself. We have never heard a man who will bring the sublime and ridiculous, the grave and the gay, the wise and the witty, the sensible and silly, in such close proximity as he will. On Monday evening he made an onslaught on malt liquors—specimens of which were analyzed, and the alcohol they contained separated from them and exhibited to the audience.

Augusta Lyceum.

The first Lecture of the season before the Lyceum in this town, was delivered on Thursday evening last by Hon. Horace Mann of Massachusetts. Mr. Mann has established a well-earned reputation as an enlightened statesman, and a devoted philanthropist. His persevering and judicious labors for ten years as the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education have done the greatest service to the cause of popular education; and the position he now occupies, as the successor of John Quincy Adams in the American Congress, is one of peculiar interest. It was a rare intellectual treat to listen to one so well qualified to instruct and enlighten. The subject of the Lecture was Great Britain—her power, wealth and influence—her intellectual, moral and social condition. The subject was one with which Mr. Mann was familiar, having visited the places and witnessed many of the scenes which he described. In 1843, he visited the principal schools, colleges, manufactories, mines and agricultural districts of Great Britain, not overlooking her prisons and hospitals for the sick and the insane, and he has noted, with an impartial eye, the condition of her people from the gorgeous palaces of her nobility to the miserable habitations of the poor and down-trodden millions, and Mr. Mann is no superficial observer. The Lecture was a highly interesting one, and was listened to with marked attention.

Mr. M. spoke first of the appellation, *Great* Britain. It would be interesting to know to what particular excitement of the organ of self-esteem, this island, but little larger than some of our States, and not near so large as several of our territories, was first indebted for this prefix to its name. But if the use of the term, when thus applied was once arrogant and unsuitable, we must allow, that, when we consider her present position—the mighty influence which she exerts among the nations—her vast wealth, the extent of her possessions, "on which the sun never sets," it is hardly expressive enough—it has risen from the positive to the *superlative* degree. Great Britain is not only powerful at home, but she is able to exert her power at any point on the globe, and is indeed formidable every where. Her fleets are on every sea—her military posts in every quarter of the globe. She is ready at all points for aggression or defence.

Her manufactures are in every market, and are adapted to the wants of all people and countries. The industry of her seventeen millions of people, aided by machinery, produces more than hundreds of millions could produce without that aid. She is the banker—the money-changer of the world. In commerce and navigation, in wealth, in the extent of her warehouses, and in her internal improvements, she exceeds every other nation.

Mr. M. spoke of the *selfishness* which for centuries has characterized the legislation of Great Britain—of the appalling inequality in the condition of the people—of the division of the population into *castes*, and the effectual closing of all avenues to wealth, intelligence or preferment against the lower classes—of the destitution, misery, ignorance and immorality of the laboring classes, and the cruel servitude to which multitudes of children are doomed in the manufactories and mines. Not one to every four hundred of the people owns a rood of ground which he might till for a subsistence while living, or beneath which he could have a right of burial when dead. The following extracts are from the published writings of Mr. Mann on this subject:

By her partial and unjust laws, "the incomputable wealth that flows from the bounty of heaven, during the revolving seasons of the year, and is elaborated from the earth by the ceaseless toil of millions of men;—that wealth which is wrought out by human labor and ingenuity, in conjunction with the great agencies of nature,—fire, water, wind and steam,—and whose aggregates are amply sufficient to give comfort and competence to every human being, and the joys of home and the sacred influences of the domestic circle to every family,—that wealth, by force of unjust laws and institutions, is filched from the producer, and gathered into vast masses, to give power, and luxury, and aggrandizement to a few. Of *production* there is no end; of *distribution*, there is no beginning. Nine hundred and ninety-nine children of the same common Father, suffer from destitution, that the thousandth may revel in superfluities. A thousand cottages shrink into meanness and want, to swell the dimensions of a single palace. The tables of a thousand families of the industrious poor waste away into drought and barrenness, that one board may be laden with surfeits. As yet, the great truth has scarcely dawned upon the mind of theorist or speculator,—that the political application of doing as we would be done by, is, to give to every man entire equality before the law, and then to leave his fortunes and his success to depend upon his own exertions."

"In proportion to its population, Great Britain expends more for education than any other country in Europe; but this expenditure is for classes, and not for the whole. The consequence, of course, is, an appalling degree of inequality in the condition of its subjects. The highest educational refinement exists side by side with the most brutish ignorance. The most elegant literary culture shines out among communities who cannot speak their native English tongue in a manner to be understood by Englishmen.—Schools, colleges and universities, where the profoundest acquaintance with classical literature and with all its libraries of annotation and commentary is obtained, contrast with hovels within which a book was never seen, and whose occupants could not read one if they had it. A thirst for knowledge in a few, and a patronage of it by the government, which prompts them to invade the eternal solitudes of either pole, and to break through the phalanx of disease and death that guards the head-springs of the Niger, is applauded, and its objects pursued at immense expense, while there are tens of thousands around who do not know whether the land of their nativity is an island or a continent. There may be seen the loftiest orders of hierarchy,—bishops and archbishops, and the Defender of the Christian Faith, with such miserable impostors and dupes as Courtenay and his followers. There is a church establishment twenty thousand strong, possessing an annual revenue of eight million sterling, with thousands of native born subjects, arrived at manhood, who never heard the name of Christ. Such are the headings of only a few chapters in the terrific volume of English inequality. This is the condition of a country, in all whose multitudes of churches that Book is weekly read, which declares that God made of one blood all nations of men. The source, origin, and cause, of all this is, the neglect of the masses by the possessors of wealth and of power;—mainly and primarily, the neglect of the education of the masses. That attended to, all else would have been changed. The great landholders, the powerful lords of the soil, have neglected it. They advocate and defend the radical, fundamental, and, in the end, destructive error, that the masses of men are by nature incapable of self-government; and hence, by virtue of their theory, all necessity for inculcating the virtues of self-control, for imparting that interior light of intelligence which can guide and direct every man, is superseded."

"Let any one read the reports of the English Factory Commissioners and Factory Inspectors, and he will say that the Fejee islanders, the Caribs, or the most ferocious tribes of cannibals that prowl in the interior of Africa, thousands of miles from the confines of civilization, ought to send missionaries to England, to raise, if possible, the English manufacturer to their own level of humanity. Under this manufacturing system, forms of privation, of suffering and crime, have grown up, such as have never before been known in any part of Christendom or heathendom. We have ourselves seen some of the abodes in which the victims of this system congregate,—houses, so called, erected on narrow courts,—courts opening at one end only upon a street,—framed back to back, with one story under ground, with no means of ingress or egress but through a front door, through which all the refuse and offal of the house must be daily cast into an unpaved courts, to ferment and breed putrescence, and darken the heavens with its exhalations of disease and death. This mode of building is not confined to a solitary block or group, but in some places,—at Manchester, for instance, within and without the town,—squares and acres are covered with such dwellings, and such only. From their pallets of straw in these wretched sties, as we learn from the above-mentioned reports, children of the tenderest age are scourged up to travel three miles on foot to be at their tasks by daylight in the morning. At noon, children still younger are sent to carry them an apology for a meal. We have seen the manner in which some of these victims of avarice and oppression live, less like human beings than like a knot of eels in their slime.

The horrible disclosures recently made in regard to the treatment of children in the mines, almost throughout the mining districts of England, are another record of the same turpitude and enormity. But it is painful to record these atrocities and sufferings. We wish only to draw attention to the consequences of such a systematic neglect of the moral and intellectual culture of children, and to deduce a moral in reference to our own duties. The victims of this neglect have now become so numerous that the paupers are one in twelve of the population of England. The frequency and the enormity of crime have materially reduced the value of life and property. This little island of Great Britain has already planted daughter colonies of convicts and malefactors in the islands of the three great oceans,—the Indian, the Pacific, and the Atlantic,—yet her selfish institutions breed them at home faster than she can convict and export them."

Mr. Mann closed his Lecture with an earnest appeal to all classes of our citizens to lend their means and their influence to sustain and improve our system of Common School education, as the most ready and effectual means of averting from our land the overwhelming miseries and evils under which the laboring millions of the mother country are now groaning.

Review of the Wool Market for October.

We copy the following from the Wool Grower for November. This valuable work is published monthly by T. C. Peters, in Buffalo, N. Y., and should be patronized by the farmers of the Union. Besides being devoted particularly to the interests of the wool-grower, it has much valuable matter both original and selected, on general subjects pertaining to agriculture. ED.

"The quantity of wool going forward is so small that the eastern markets are not sensibly affected by the receipts. The main portion of the clip of 1849 has long since gone forward, and is held by a small number of dealers in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. The largest quantity is in New York. In Philadelphia there is considerable fine wool, principally from the western parts of Pennsylvania. Indeed the bulk of the wool now in market is of the finer grades. Coarse and medium wools are nearly out of the market, and still the demand is far from being satisfied.

Manufacturers have been in the market during the month, and have bought to a moderate extent, at rates a shade higher than those quoted for September. They are, however, but poorly supplied, and at best will find much difficulty in keeping their mills in motion till the next clip, even if disposed to do so. Many, however, will run with the least possible quantity that will keep their hands together. The high price of stock and the low price of fabric, furnishes no inducement for very rapid production. The prospect ahead for them is not as cheering as it ought to be to ensure the farmer a fair price for his wool, especially the finer grades. A few companies are making money, but a large majority of the woolen manufacturers, if not losing, are not making a fair interest on their investment. A modification of the tariff so as to charge specific duties instead of *ad valorum*, would furnish the only remedy, and that should be done. A little more competency in the proper department of our custom house would furnish much more protection than they now get, and our revenue would be very materially benefited.

Pulled wool is now in demand, and the enquiry active at full rates. We have orders to purchase any quantity, at from 25 to 33 cents, according to quality and condition. Pelts are eagerly sought for, and find a ready sale at full rates. A contract has been made in Chautauque county for 17,000 at 62½ cents all around.

A larger number of sheep will be slaughtered this autumn and winter than for many years past.

Sales have been made during the past month at the Depot, of No. 1 at 38 cents, and No. 2 at 36 cents. The lower numbers are worth from 27 to 31 cents."

Railroad Accident.

The engine and tender of the passenger train from Readfield, were thrown from the track on Tuesday morning of last week, near Winthrop Village, on the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, by a tree which was blown across the track on Monday night. The engineer and fireman were slightly bruised. The engine was damaged to the amount of about $500. The accident was occasioned by the gross carelessness of the hand-car men on that section, who were expressly employed to precede the cars in the morning, and see that all was right. They neglected their duty, and the result of their negligence we have given above. They were immediately dismissed. Men employed in the various departments of a railroad cannot be too careful and faithful. No blame can be attached to the engineer or fireman. The engineer, as soon as he came to the woods, slackened the speed, and was on the lookout, and had time to reverse the engine and put down the brakes before the train struck, which saved the passenger cars from being thrown from the track.

Compliment to Webster's Neighbors.

In the last number of Graham's Magazine, J. R. Chandler, speaking of Mr. Webster and his farm in Marshfield, which he had visited, says—"With all Mr. Webster's intellectual greatness he feels that even in that nook of New England he is among men who can measure his intellect and attainments, and whose respectful salutations and deferential bearing are not due to any indefinable awe for some mysterious power, attainment or possession, but the result of a just perception of his mental greatness and political sagacity. Mr. Webster has, of course, a magnificent library—the treasures which great minds have yielded, and a great mind gathered—a library worthy such a man—a library appropriate to such a princely residence. But it is not the only one. Within a short distance, I saw on many shelves in the extreme building of a frame rope walk, not four miles from Mr. Webster's, a collection of books in seven or eight languages, which would make the mouth of a literary epicure water;—beautiful editions of valuable works, curious collections, also, and desirable copies, every one of which was familiar to its modest owner, who seemed to know every vein in his rich mine, and to be able to give the exact value of the product of each inch of its rich contents."

"THE MARRIAGE OFFERING." This is the title of a new work, which you will find at Fenno's, in this town, just published by Crosby & Nichols, of Boston. The Editor of this neat and interesting volume has performed his task faithfully, furnishing a selection of sentiments appropriate as a gift of affection and earnest solicitude for the happiness and welfare of the newly married pair.

From a cursory perusal of the work, we have no hesitation in recommending it to those who wish to give their friends a marriage gift—a token of friendship, which, while it shall call up grateful recollections of the giver, shall also furnish valuable ideas, amply repaying the time spent in its perusal.

Gathered News Fragments, &c.

Fire. The Furniture store of Mr. Hilton at Damariscotta, was consumed by fire on Saturday morning last. The building belonged to the heirs of the late Stephen Coffin, and was insured at Exter N. H. for $400.

Large Cheese. There was a cheese exhibited at the Agricultural Fair in New York, made from one day's milk of 600 cows, by A. E. Austin, of Austinburg, Ashtabula county, Ohio. It weighed 2,000 pounds.

New California Enterprise. A Baltimore firm has made arrangements to send out a party of Chesapeake fishermen well provided with boats and nets to follow their occupation on San Francisco Bay and Sacramento River. Both these waters abound with fish, but there are no hands to catch them.

Monument to Washington. The government of Virginia are about to erect a monument to Washington at Richmond, on a truly liberal scale. One hundred thousand dollars are to be expended upon it. A premium of five hundred dollars has been offered for a plan.

Judge Hart of Cincinnati lately caused the "criminal box" to be taken out of court, on the ground that no man need be disgraced before he is found guilty of crime.

California Trade. The New York Herald says it will take five years to make good the capital already invested by the people of this country in the California trade.

A Successful Printer. John F. Phelps, Esq., who was recently elected President of the New York and Erie Railroad Company, was a journeyman printer a few years since. He has rapidly advanced to the possession of a competency, and an honorable station at the head of the first railroad in America, covering a capital of $23,000,000.

Henry L. Foot, convicted at New Haven of the murder of his niece, Emily Cooper, has been sentenced to be hanged on the third Wednesday of June next. The Legislature, which meets in May, will thus have an opportunity to revise the sentence.

At the Bourbon (Ky.) Agricultural Fair, held on Tuesday the 6th ult, Mrs. Chapman Coleman, daughter of Gov. Crittenden, received the premium (a cap worth one hundred dollars) for the best silk quilt, made with her own hands.

Immigration. Packet ship Constellation, Luce, belonging to Kermit's Liverpool line, arrived at New York with eight hundred and forty-eight immigrant passengers, having performed the voyage in twenty-three days. Out of this large number of passengers she lost only two by death.

Depth of the Ocean. The mean depth of the Atlantic is supposed to be three miles, that of the Pacific four miles. The Mediterranean varies very much. Between Gibraltar and Ceuta, Capt. Smith sounded nineteen hundred yards to a gravelly bottom.

Southern Manufacturing. The corner stone of the Mobile Cotton Factory was laid with due ceremonies on the 18th instant. This manufacturing company is composed exclusively of citizens of Mobile, and its capital is $100,000.

Cassius M. Clay has now entirely recovered from the wounds received in his last fight.

William Cullen Bryant has returned from his European tour.

The name of the post-office at Sedgwick Bay, Hancock county, has been changed to Brookline.

Mrs. Judson, better known as "Fanny Forester," has another "bird" in her "Indian nest," and at last advices was doing well.

Horace Eaton, formerly Governor, has been chosen Superintendant of the Common Schools in Vermont.

War Loans. The following governmental loans are sought to be obtained in Europe:—France, 200,000,000 fr., Austria, 120,000,000 fr.; Piedmonte, 105,000,000 fr.; Tuscany, 24,000,000. All these sums are to be raised in the course of a year. This is *one* of the results of war.

Melancholy. A gentleman, who a few weeks ago, visited Gravois, a small town some ten miles south-west of St. Louis, found there no less than twenty-five infant boys and girls whose parents had died of the cholera.

Prof. Liebig, the celebrated agricultural chemist, is about to visit this country, where his writings have had a very extensive dissemination.

Female Doctors. Three ladies have made application to the Trustees of the Central Medical College, in the State of New York, for permission to attend the course of lectures this Winter. Miss Gleason, of the Glenhaven Water Cure; Miss Davis, of Mount Morris, and Miss Mary Taylor, of Buffalo.

A NEW SYSTEM OF VENTILATION. Ever since the construction of tight buildings it has been found that some system of ventilation is necessary in order to carry off the air that becomes vitiated by being breathed over and also in order to bring in fresh and pure air from without.

It would be interesting to investigate all the different systems adopted, and their merits and demerits.

On another page of our paper you will find a new system of ventilation which has recently been brought forward by Dr. Chowne who has found that a syphon may be made to operate very effectually as a ventilator. The subject is one of importance to all who regard health, and we would refer our readers to the article for further particulars.

THE BEET THAT BEAT THE BEATOMEST BEET. North Wayne stands Captain of the Beet beds this year. We received a bouncer of the beet kind the other day, that was raised by Samuel W. Frost, Esq., of North Wayne, weighing 12 lbs. 6 oz. If our friend is as prolific in every thing else, he is a blessing to his country. The same goodly town is equally rich in carrots, as we can prove by specimens of that valuable esculent, raised and sent us by Mr. S. M. Jennings, which are large, smooth and *elegant*.

SUPPER AT THE MANSION HOUSE. We are requested by the Committee of Arrangements to state that there will be Supper at the Mansion House on Wednesday evening next, to which citizens and the public generally are invited.—Tickets may be had of the Committee of Arrangments.

THE POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY met on the 6th inst., and adjourned to the 13th proximo. Specimens of excellent apples were presented by the President, J. H. Hartwell, Esq., D. A. Fairbanks, Josiah Sandford, of Topsham, and S. Wright, of Lewiston, all of which will be described more fully next week.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE. The Teachers' Institute, for this county, is now in successful operation at Winthrop Hall, in this place, under the direction of Messrs. Hawkins and Fales. Lectures or other exercises are given every evening. The public generally are respectfully invited to attend.

The Steamer Niagara, from N. Y. for Liverpool had 19 passengers, and $137,218 in specie.

STANLEY HOUSE. This capital house was opened on Wednesday last, under the charge of Mr. Harrison Baker—a landlord every way qualified to conduct it in the first style. There is not a house in the State better furnished with all the comforts, conveniencies and elegancies calculated to meet the wants of the traveller, and make him feel perfectly at his ease. We trust that friend Baker will meet with the success which will amply remunerate him for his expenditures and labors in carrying out the designs of the enterprising projectors of hte house.

ANOTHER HEAD. We appoint our friend Otis Williams, of Winthrop, King of the cabbage heads. He has sent us one of his raising that measures three feet one inch in circumference. Farmer Williams facetiously remarked, that, as our *head* had been in wear some time, he thought he would send us another—two heads being better than one, if one was a cabbage head. True, friend; but this additional one, is like many others in the world, greater in *girt* than in *grit*.

FIRE IN PORTLAND. About half past eight o'clock on Saturday evening, the extensive stable on the Motley estate, Congress Street, between Brown and Casco Streets, was discovered to be on fire. The Fire Department were on hand with their usual alacrity, but so combustible was the building and its contents that by the time they were at work, it was in a mass of flames.

The stable backed up against a large two story double dwelling house owned by Rev. Geo. W. Bourne formerly of this city—and the out-buildings of Dr. Elihu Baxter. The house was ruined. We understand that it was insured by the Portsmouth Mutual Company, Wm. D. Little agent, for $2000. It was occupied by Messrs. Edward Cobb and Constable S. O. Danielson, both of which suffered severe loss in furniture consumed, and from the hurried manner in which such articles as were got out were removed.

The chaise house and barn of Dr. Baxter were destroyed, and the roof of his brick dwelling house was considerably damaged—insured by the Portland Mutual Company for $1500.

Connected with the stable on the South West was a range of carriage sheds which were destroyed; and a valuable stud horse, the property of Mr. Samuel Ryerson, was burned to death in the main building. We are informed that Mr. Ryerson refused $400 for him but the day before.

The other horses in the stable, at the time, were got out. [Argus.

ATTEMPT AT BURGLARY IN SOMERVILLE. No less than three attempts have been made to enter and rob the house of the late Mr. Amos Fairbanks (who was killed on the railroad) in Somerville, but they were frustrated by the family, and in one instance, the thief pursued for some distance. The report that Mrs. Fairbanks had received the insurance money on her husband's life, probably led the burglars to expect a rich booty. [Mail.

THE CROPS IN NEW-HAMPSHIRE are as abundant as usual this season. A letter from Weare says—"Good returns have been made for the labor expended upon both corn and potato crops, and indeed in almost every thing, the past has been a fruitful season. A general competence abounds, and the toils of the husbandman yields a reward sufficiently generous to encourage his heart, and fill his habitation with joy and gladness."

THE COST OF THE PHILADELPHIA RIOTS. It appears by a report to the County Board, that nearly a quarter of a million of dollars ($238,230) has been paid out of the country treasury since 1836, for the suppression of riots. This sum does not include the bill which has yet to be footed for the riot on the last election night, which will probably bring the amount quite up to a quarter of a million.

NATIONAL SCHOOL CONVENTION. The National Common School Convention assembled in Philadelphia on Wednesday morning last, and organized by appointing Hon. Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, President. Delegates from about twenty States in the Union were in attendance, among them several distinguished ladies. The proceedings of the Convention were confined chiefly to the statements of the Delegates relative to the condition of public education in the several districts, and to the discussion of various plans for farthering the improvement and promoting the efficacy of the system of education by Common Schools. A number of eloquent addresses were delivered upon the topics incident to the business of the Convention. Resolutions were adopted for the appointment of Committees to organize a National School Association, to prepare a Memorial to Congress for the establishment of a National Bureau of Education, to elicit facts on the subject of School Attendance, and to consider the subject of School Architecture. It was also resolved to hold another National Convention in Philadelphia, on the fourth Wednesday of August, 1850. [Germantown Telegraph.

Some thirty years ago, Mr. Albert Sears, a native of Sandersville, in the State of Massachusetts, went to Georgia and embarked all his funds, amounting to $900, in a country store, kept by Edward Bartholomew, in the county of Green. In nine months the partners dissolved, and Sears being considered skilful at figures, made the settlement correctly, as he supposed at the time. His fortune amounted, at the close, to some eleven or twelve hundred dollars. They parted, and Bartholomew heard nothing more of his friend for twenty-nine years. Bartholomew was at his home in the county of Jackson, in August last, when his old friend and co-partner, Sears, unexpectedly presented himself, on foot, having walked all the way from Stone Mountain, a distance of twenty miles, on a sultry day in Summer, for the purpose of rectifying a mistake of fifty-two dollars which he made in his own favor, in the settlement he had with Bartholomew thirty years before! He discovered the mistake a few years back, by accidentally finding and looking over the calculation he had made upon his settlement with Bartholomew. Having accomplished his object he returned to his home in Newnan, Coweta county, Ga. Mr. Sears is a bachelor of some 52 or 53 years of age, and is said to be worth not less than $150,000.

RIGHTS OF SCHOOLMASTERS AND PUPILS. In the case of Wm. Ladd vs. John P. Philbrick, Master of the Quincy school, for whipping the boy of complainant, on trial in the Common Pleas court, the jury returned a verdict this morning of $110, with costs. In instructing the Jury, Judge Perkins charged that the defendant had no right to ask the boy Ladd if he had stolen, and that if the boy had refused to answer, the defendant would not have been justified in punishing him for such refusal. But if the boy did answer the question, but answered falsely, the defendant had a right to inflict punishment for the falsehood uttered in school. If the jury found there had been any excess of punishment, considering all the circumstances, they would give reasonable damages for such excess. [Boston Traveller.

DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING. In Wiscasset, on Thursday night, Oct. 23d, the Baptist meeting-house was set on fire,—supposed by lightning,—but was extinguished without doing much injury. The fire caught in the bell deck,—and, if from the lightning, it is a remarkable circumstance that no rent, or fracture, indicating the passage of the fluid, could be discovered in any part of the building.

In Whitefield, a dwelling house is reported to have been struck, and so entirely shattered to pieces, as to render it incapable of being repaired. It was occupied by a family, but no one, it is said, was injured. We give this report as we received it, and it may be liable to some discount. [Bath Times.

GREAT STORM. The Vigilant of the 20th inst. gives an account of a great storm which took place on Bayou Lafourche a few days ago. Its effects are said to have been frightful, the damages amounting to $150,000. The loss of Mr. Tucker, whose sugar house was overturned, is estimated at $30,000; that of Mr. Beatty and Mr. Thibodaux $15,000; and of Mr. Tanner several thousands. Among the victims of this calamity were M. Gerbeau and several negroes who were crushed to death. [N. O. Picayune, 24th.

The Storm.

The storm of Monday night was very severe in New York and Philadelphia. In New York it commenced at about 3 P. M., and blew very heavy until 8 o'clock. Several trees were prostrated, as well as awnings, signs, &c. The gable end of an old wooden house adjoining French's Hotel in Frankfort street, fell upon the sidewalk, just missing some persons who were passing."

The Philadelphia News of Tuesday says:

"Last evening a violent storm passed over this city and surrounding country, committing considerable damage to property, and inundating us with a perfect ocean of water. The shipping in port, or a portion of it, was injured by collisions, and a number of schooners, at anchor, lower down the stream, were torn from their moorings and allowed to drift with the current. The steamer John Stevens, on her upward passage, so labored with the heaving waters that she broke one of her wheels. Other injuries or accidents may have occurred, but we have not heard of any."

The Portland Advertiser gives the following particulars of damage by the gale, which blew with great severity in that city, and continued throughout the whole of Monday night:

"A one story house belonging to Mr. George Tibbets, on Bracket street, was also considerably damaged by the gale. It had been raised on posts to finish the cellar; the posts canted, and let the building down upon the ground, tearing away the chimneys, and breaking up the roof to a considerable extent."

A large two story house, partly finished, at the corner of Congress and North streets, belonging to Mr. Alexander Barbour, was lifted from its foundation, about 2 o'clock Tuesday morning, and dashed to pieces.

At Stamford, Ct., the car house of the New York and New Haven Railrod was blown down and smashed to pieces. It was a wooden building. [Boston Journal.

THE LATE MR. STRICKLAND. The funeral ceremonies over the remains of the late Mr. Strickland, whose death on the White Mountains we noticed last week, took place yesterday at twelve o'clock, at Trinity Church, Summer street. A procession, headed by the Mayor of the city and other distinguished citizens, British Consul, Vice Consul, &c., followed the body. The solemn services of the Episcopal Church were read by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Eastburn; and a voluntary on the organ was performed. The body, enclosed in a leaden coffin, was placed in one of the vaults under Trinity Church, and will be sent to England by the next steamer. The Transcript states that "the body was subjected to minute surgical examination on Saturday, and that all suspicions of a self-inflicted death were removed thereby. That Mr. Strickland was in possession of his reason until within a very brief period of his melancholy and dreadful end, is evident, from the fact that even after he had thrown off the clothes glued to his skin by the frost, excoriating his legs in the act, he continued to follow the direction as to his road, given him by Mr. Crawford. The deceased had his eccentricities, but there is no foundation for the report, started by a Portland paper, that he was subject to insanity." [Boston Courier.

PROVISION BUSINESS OF THE WEST. The Cincinnati Gazette of the 23d ult. says:—We have looked over a large number of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois and Missouri papers, for some indication of the probable price of hogs at the opening season. Our search, however, has been in vain. We find, almost universally, one statement, and one opinion; the former is that the country is full of hogs—the latter, that the prices will and must open low, and continue to rule low.

Mr. Abraham Rowe, of Kensington, has a cow he raised from an eastern breed, 6 years old, from which was made between the 20th of May and Oct. 20th, *one hundred and fifty six pounds of butter*, averaging over one pound a day from pasture feed only. It being his only cow, furnished his family with their cream and milk beside. Farmers would seem to forget that it costs no more to keep a good cow than an ordinary one.

IRON STEAMBOAT FOR THE ANDES. We learn from the New York Tribune, that an iron steamboat is now building in that city, and is nearly completed, destined to ply on Lake Titicaca, situated at the summit of one of the highest peaks of the Andes, in Peru. She is built of iron, and is fifty-five feet in length, five feet depth of hold, and twelve feet beam, and will draw, when loaded, not more than two feet of water. She will have two engines of ten-horse power each. The boat will be shipped to Lima in pieces, and thence transported on the backs of mules to the Lake, where it will be put together. Her total cost is $3,600.

THE CALIFORNIA FLEET. The last Shipping List contains the following summary:

The total number of vessels that have left the United States for California, from the commencement of the excitement, is as follows:—Ships, 189; barques, 175; brigs, 119; schooners, 83; steamers, 7—total, 573.

Of the above, there have arrived at California up to the latest dates, as follows:—Ships, 55; barques, 45; brigs, 35; schooners, 28; steamers, 4—total, 167.

The number that have sailed the past month is as follows:—Ships, 18; barques, 14; brigs, 18; schooners, 15—total 65.

According to the same authority there are now up for California 47 ships, 21 barques, 22 brigs, 9 schooners and 2 steamers—total 101 vessels—of which 12 ships, 6 barques, 9 brigs, 2 schooners and 1 steamer, are up at Boston, in all 30 vessels. At New York only 27 vessels; Philadelphia, 6; Baltimore, 4; New Orleans, 8; Newburyport, 6; New Bedford, 6; Bangor, 3; other places 11. [Traveller.

FOR CALIFORNIA. The steamboat Narraguagus, Capt. Foster, arrived here on Monday, 4 days from Cherryfield, Me. This boat is 48 tons burthen, 100 feet in length, and is propelled by a new plan. Instead of side paddle wheels, she has one large wheel at the stern, the machinery being worked fore and aft, and well secured on the deck, with an engine of 50 horse-power. She has no cabins below, and only one large square room on deck. The Narraguagus was built this Spring at Cherryfield by Mr. Smiley, to run from Cherryfield to Millbridge, 5 miles. She will propel about 12 miles the hour, and is only built for smooth water, rivers, etc. She is on the whole what might be called a down-east notion. Mr. John W. Coffin, of Cherryfield, and Mr. Charles Coffin, of Newburyport, brothers, have purchased the boat at a cost of about $7,000, and intend to ship her to California, and astonish the natives on Sacramento. She is now lying at north side of Commercial wharf. [Traveller.

BUSINESS MEN'S ALMANAC FOR 1850. V. B. Palmer has in press the Business Men's Almanac for 1850. The ensuing number of this valuable little work will contain 64 pages, filled with the most extensive and accurate astronomical calculations, statistical and geographical information, interesting and condensed articles on banking and corporations, commerce and trade, postage, biography, &c., besides those forms and rules so valuable to every business man. It will be for sale by all the booksellers, price 12½ cents. [Boston Traveller.

NEW YORK CANALS. It appears from a report of the Commissioners of the New York Canal Fund that the payments to the fund during the fiscal year ending Sept. 30, 1849, amounted to $3,442,188, of which $3,377,748 were paid for tolls, $1,136 for rents of surplus water, and $63,263 for interest on the current canal revenue. This amount exceeds the receipts of the preceding year by $238,113. The amount of payments for repairs was $659,075, which is less by nearly $200,000 than the expenditure for the same object in the preceding year. There is consequently a surplus of $434,889 greater than last year, applicable to the prosecution of public works, the entire amount of that surplus, after providing for the repairs, and the appropriations required by the constitution to the canal debt, the general fund debt and other objects being $933,108.

DEATHS ON BOARD SHIP. The ship Berlin, Capt. Smith, from Liverpool, arrived here yesterday morning with 200 emigrants. During her passage there were 43 deaths on board, the first having occurred when the vessel was 12 days out, and the last on her 29th day. 41 of the deceased were steerage passengers; the other two were Robt. Robinson, the carpenter of the Berlin, and Thos. Baumsey, a seaman belonging to the crew. [N. O. Crescent, 23d.

VESSELS LAUNCHED AT DAMARISCOTTA. We have been furnished with the following list of vessels built the present season, and launched within a few weeks at this enterprising place:

By Joseph Day, ship Excelsior	1000 tons
A. Stetson, ship——	902
Metcalf & Norris, ship——	654
Teague & Hall, ship——	944
Day & Huston, ship——	475
John Glidden, ship Js. Wright	950
A. S. Austin, ship——	864
Wm. Hitchcock & Co., ship——	917
T. & P. Woodward, bark——	391
W. Clapp, bark——	290
" brig——	196
A. P. Hodgkins, ——	243
Aggregate tonnage	7846

To say that the ships built at Damariscotta the present year, are of prime materials, and workmanship, is only to say over an old thing, and tell what everybody already knows, but such is the fact nevertheless.

It will be seen that they are nearly all of the largest class, and the average size larges than that of any former year, being equal to 654 tons each. Although we have not the statistics necessary for settling the fact, we believe this average is larger than in any other port in the district.

The number of vessels built there the last year, was twenty, with an aggregate tonnage of 6321, making an average size of 316 tons each.

The increase of tonnage over last year is 1525.

The Damariscotta ships stand high in the market; and when offered for sale, always command remunerative prices. [Bath Times.

TWO MURDERS IN NEW HAVEN. Mr. Charles Smith and his wife, an aged English couple, who have been the sole occupants of the solitary house on the brow of East Rock, New Haven, were found, on Thursday morning, horribly butchered, a few rods from their house. They had been missing for three or four days. Their table in their house indicated preparation for guests, as there were four plates on it. Over an extinguished fire

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

We borrow from the Atlas the following items received by them by Telegraph.

Saturday morning, Nov. 3d.

The Hibernia, Capt. Stone, after a very rough passage across the Atlantic, groped her way into the harbor of Halifax in a dense fog about 7 o'clock last evening. She brings Paris dates of 18th and Liverpool of the 20th ult., together with near 100 passengers.

COMMERCIAL SUMMARY. Business affairs have undergone no material change since the sailing of the Europa. The cotton markets continued in a very excited state.

In the wheat, flour and corn markets, there has been no material change, either in price or in the extent of sales.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA. There is no later news in the European Times, the only paper that has come to hand, from Constantinople or St. Petersburg; and of the difficulty between the Porte and the Autocrat.

A correspondent, writing from Belgrade on the 1st inst., states that the Hungarian refugees were still at Widden, ready to set out for the destination assigned them. They were divided into three camps—an Italian, a Hungarian, and a Polish one. Bem and Dembinski, and several other chiefs, have not only embraced Islamism, but entered the Turkish army.

The Porte is said to have appointed the Isle of Candia as the residence for the refugee Magyars.

FRANCE. The deliberations of the National assembly were almost wholly devoted, on the 12th and 13th ult., to the report of M. Thiers on the Roman question. The report is decidedly conservative, and at variance with the expressed views of the President's letter to Edgar Ney. The conclusion to which M. Thiers arrives, is, that liberal institutions are incompatible with the independence of the Pope as a temporal sovereign, and that where the independence of the Catholic Church and the rights of the people are at issue, the latter ought to give way.

The National Assembly have annulled the election for Guadaloupe, in consequence of accounts of *assassination* on the part of the supporters of the present members.

M. de Falloux's health is slightly improved. The Prefects to M. Thiers state that there are 70 Departments in which Red Republicanism is spreading to an alarming extent.

An Aid de Camp from the Emperor of Russia arrived on the 16th in Paris, charged with a special mission to the President of the Republic.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY. A treaty between Austria and Prussia was signed at Vienna, Sept. 20th, and ratified by Prussia on the 10th ult., which provides that Austria and Prussia should assume the administration of the Central power of the German Confederation, in the name of all the Governments of the Confederation, until the 1st of May, 1850, unless this power cannot be transferred to a definitive power before that period.

A letter from Semlin, dated Oct. 10, says that the Austrian General Hurlab had arrived at Widden, from which the dates reached to the 6th, with a letter from General Haynau to the Pacha, by which the Hungarian refugees, from the sergeants downward, are amnested. In consequence of which, the greater part of them returned to Hungary. Gen. Hurlab then proceeded to Constantinople.

Several hundred officers of those furnished with passports from Comorn had passed through Berlin, on their way to the West. Some of them are going to America. Klapka is said to have been among these refugees, and to have embraced the resolution of crossing the Atlantic with three hundred others.

ROME. Accounts from Rome are the reverse of satisfactory. The return of the Pope is still talked about, but when it may take place is still the subject of conjecture.

Garibaldi has left the Island of Santa Madalana for Gibraltar, whence he will sail for London, and ultimately, it is said, to America.

A large and highly respectable meeting, presided over by the Lord Mayor, took place at Egyptian Hall, London, on the 17th ult., relative to the proposed exhibition of the industry of all nations in that city, during the ensuing year. The best feeling was evinced towards the plan of the projectors, and it was proposed to raise by subscription the sum of £20,000 to distribute in premiums. All nations are invited, without distinction or preference, and the promoters of the design feel no misgiving of the possibility of raising £100,000 or more for the general expenses of the exhibition.

IRELAND. The anti-rent conspiracy in Ireland is extending throughout all parts of that ill-fated land, and the local journals are filled with accounts of the abduction of crops.

FROM MARTINIQUE AND GAUDALOUPE. The brig Alpine, which arrived at Boston on Friday last, brought dates from Martinique to the 27th of Sept. The outrages which had prevailed at Gaudaloupe during the elections, such as destroying plantations, &c., had ceased, and with the exception of a few street rows, the negroes were pretty quiet.

The news that an Emperor or King would probably soon mount the throne of France was favorably received even by the enfranchised slaves. An increased military force from France was daily expected at the Island. Business was extremely dull, as capitalists would not invest their money in the present uncertain state of affairs.

FROM HAYTI. Dates from Cape Haytien to the 11th of October have been received at Boston, together with a list of the newly appointed nobility, consisting, as we learn, of 5 Princes and 45 Dukes. A letter of congratulation had been received by Soloque from the *English* Governor of Jamaica. The French hold aloof and have not yet recognized the Government. The matter of the indemnity between that nation and Soloque, is yet to be settled; the latter refusing to pay. It was the opinion of the best informed upon the Island that English influence was upon the increase there. Coffee scarce.

INDIAN BATTLE. The Minesota Chronicle gives an account of a battle between a family of half-breeds names La Prairie, and the band of Chippewas who acknowledge Shunia (silver) as their chief. There were five half-breeds—three men and two boys—and ten or twelve of the Indians. The battle was fought at Pocagomon lake, 120 miles northeast of St Paul. A small stream divided them—the half-breeds on the timber side, and the Indians on the prairie. The fight lasted two or three hours. The Indians had one man killed, two mortally, and three or four slightly wounded. The chief was badly wounded in attempting to restore peace. The half-breeds were concerned in selling whiskey to the Indians. One of the ears of Louis La Prairie was taken off by a rifle ball. [St. Louis Rev.

WHAT IS TREASON IN CUBA! The New York Sun states that the government ball at Matanzas, on the 10th ult., the anniversary of the birthday of the Spanish Queen, was entirely unattended, save by one lady and the President of the evening. Governor Talguera seized upon five young Cubans whom he fixed upon as being movers in the proceeding, and sent four of them to the dungeons, and afterwards banished them to Spain, without allowing them to see their families. A severe penalty for refusing to dance to the Queen's music. [Boston Courier.

A WORLD'S MECHANICS' FAIR. A project is on foot in London for a monster exhibition of arts, and specimens of industry and ingenuity from all parts of the world. It is proposed to be held in 1851, at Hyde Park, in a building constructed for the purpose a mile long, at an expense of one hundred thousand pounds sterling. Prizes are to be given away from five thousand pounds downwards, to the value of twenty thousand pounds. The total expense of this "world's convention" for the encouragement of art are composed of two hundred thousand pounds, or $1,000,000. Prince Albert has consented to act as President, and superintend the enterprise. [Worcester Spy.

FREIGHTS FOR CALIFORNIA. Eight or nine ships were taken up at New York last week to load for California, the rates being 50 a 60 cents per foot; $8 per barrel; $20 a $25 per ton, and for lumber $50 a $60 per thousand feet.

Awful Tragedy.

St. Louis Oct. 30. An awful tragedy occurred last evening at Barnum's Hotel, the particulars of which are as follows: Some few days since, two young French gentlemen calling themselves Gonzales de Montesqui and Count Raymond de Montesqui, arrived in this city, from Chicago, and took lodgings at Barnum's Hotel stating that they were on a hunting excursion through the West, Nothing particular was observed in their manner until last evening, when about 10 o'clock, as Mr. Barnum, a nephew of the proprietor, and J. J. Macomber, steward of the house, were retiring to bed, one of the French gentlemen came to the window on the gallery, and tapped lightly on the sash. Mr. Barnum pushed the curtain one side, when the man outside fired a gun, the ball of which passed through Mr. Barnum, and two buckshot lodged in the arm of Macomber. At the report of the gun, Mr. Albert Jones, a coachmaker, residing in Third street, but who had a room adjoining, rushed to the door to see what was the difficulty. He had scarcely passed the same when he received a shot which felled him to the floor, and he died in a few moments after. A couple of gentlemen who had also entered the gallery, were struck with buckshot. Their names are H. M. Henderson, wounded in the forehead, and W. H. Hubble, of Liberty, wounded in the arm.

The assassin was immediately pursued to his room, where, after a desperate struggle, he was secured. He is the younger of the two brothers.

Both of them were arrested, and affected to be insane. Mr. Barnum is still living, but is very weak. A few day since the same fellows made a similar attempt on the landlord of a public house at Alton, Illinois.

SECOND DESPATCH. Oct. 30. Mr. Barnum is still alive, but it is certain that he cannot recover.

The trunks of the French brothers were broken open this morning, and letters found showing them to be Parisians of wealth and family. They also contained some splendid accoutrements, and $1500 in German gold coin. They are evidently insane. Both of them fired fatal shots. They refuse counsel, and state that they will plead their own cause. Albert Jones, who was shot, was buried this afternoon—he was shot by an ounce ball and 66 large shots. The Mayor has ordered a strong police force to protect the jail. The other persons who were wounded, are doing well, and will in all probability recover.

Philadelphia Mint.

It is stated that the whole amount of California Gold which has been received at the Philadelphia Mint to the present time is $3,000,000, and that the coining is now carried on at the rate of $140,000 a day. Preparations are making for the coining of double eagles, on the completion of which the daily coinage will be increased.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin says:—

It may not be generally known that the gold of California contains about *ten per cent.*, of silver, while the acts of Congress require that our gold coin shall contain but *five per cent.* The gold must therefore be separated from the silver, not only because the coin would contain too much of that metal, but because the depositor is entitled to the value of the excess. The process of *parting* is therefore, one absolutely necessary, and requiring time. Before gold came from California, the receipts at the Mint were principally in other coin, which had not to go through this process; and no adequate provision had been made for parting the metal on so large a scale as the California receipts require. The apparatus, however, in the melter's and refiner's departments, have now been reconstructed and enlarged, and these improvements will, it is believed, be entirely equal to the performance of the increased coinage, with as much promptness and despatch as characterized our Mint when the receipts of gold were moderate, and in a shape not requiring the separation from the silver.

GREAT TUNNEL. The "big hole" through the rocks at New Hamburg, on the Hudson River Railroad, is 830 feet long, through solid rock. At one end of the Tunnel is a cut, 500 feet long, 30 wide, and 50 deep, aud all through solid rock; at the other end, the cut is 200 feet long, and 70 deep,—making the entire cutting through the rock, including the Tunnel, 1530 feet. "Daylight" is let in by two shafts, 19 feet high, and 24 wide.

In making this "hole," 400 men are employed, nine blacksmith shops, with two fires each, in steady operation, to repair and temper the tools; and 6000 kegs of powder, of 25 lbs. each, have been used in the last 14 months.

FATAL CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA OR TETANUS. We learn from the Boston Times that Mr. Asa Emory, of Medford, died on Tuesday last from the effects of the bite of a dog. Mr. Emory was bitten on the thumb last May, but it was not until Saturday night last that any ill effects were experienced. He then found that he could not drink water, and on Sunday morning an attempt to wash his hands and face proved fruitless on account of the disagreeable feeling caused by the water, nearly throwing him into a fit. From that time he had all the symptoms assigned to hydrophobia.

AGRICULTURAL BUREAU. It is said that one of the prominent features of the report of Mr. Ewing, will be the recommendation of the establishment by law of an Agricultural Bureau at Washington. This will relieve the Patent Office, if established, of a load which, in justice to the inventors of the country, it never ought to have been obliged to bear. It will also advance the interest of the farmer, by making more ample provision for the collection and dissemination of agricultural knowledge. [Boston Journal.

MURDER. An altercation took place between two colored men in Boston, last Sunday evening, of last week by the names of Hogan and Cox, which resulted in the death of Hogan. The difficulty arose about a woman to whom both laid claims.

THE TELEGRAPH CONTROVERSY. *Frankfort, Oct. 31st.* In the telegraph case, the Court has decided in favor of Morse, fully sustaining his patent. The Court also granted an injunction, forbidding the use of the Columbia instrument, during the existence of Morse's patent. O'Relly appealed.

SOMERSET CORN. We understand that Joseph Weston, Esq., of Bloomfield, has raised the present season, from one acre of land, *one hundred bushels* of shelled corn. Is there another farmer in the county, that has come up to this!

[People's Press.

ROBBING A MARKET. On Monday night, rogues made a foreible entry into Quincy Market, and robbed several tills in different stalls. They succeeded in obtaining but about $50 in change, and three or four counterfeit bills, and a lot of counterfeit coin. Messrs. Gowan & Richardson were the principal sufferers by the robbery.

[Boston Adv.

A Melancholy accident occurred in the East River yesterday, by which three of the passengers of ship Eliza Dennison were drowned, while coming ashore in a boat. There were nine in the boat, when she capsized, six of whom escaped by clinging to ropes or spars, &c. The accident was caused by the boatman rowing across the chains of a vessel at anchor; he is under arrest, awaiting the verdict of the coroner.

[New York Post.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN GARLAND. We learn that a young man, aged 14 years, named Hatch, of Garland, while loading a pistol to shoot a dog, accidentally let it slip in his hands by which it was discharged and the whole charge lodged in the breast of his mother who was standing near by. She exclaimed "I am shot," and instantly fell dead!

An Irishman named Duffee, of Brewer, was last week buried five feet in sand from a bank which suddenly caved in while he was digging under it. He was extricated alive in a few minutes after the accident happened.

NARROW ESCAPE. The 6 o'clock train from this city for New York on Saturday morning, came near being precipitated from the bridge into the harbor at Bridgeport. It seems that the draw was up, and the proper signal displayed on the approach of the cars, but owing to the frost and wet leaves on the track, it was impossible to check the headway of the train with the usual promptness; nor did they come to a halt until the cow-catcher actually projected over the precipice! Two or three feet further probably would have plunged the whole train into the river—causing the most disastrous and melancholy results.

[New Haven Courier, 29th.

MEN AT HOME.

[CONCLUDED FROM FOURTH PAGE.]

Luckily for Ariana, Jane immediately exclaimed, "What, going to run away from us so soon. How will the children get along without you!"

"Please don't go, sir!" said Archie, mournfully. "I cannot finish my new bow without your help."

"I will show you about it," said the judge, kindly, "and take you to ride on horseback behind me, just as Arthur has done."

By this time Ariana had recovered her composure, and said, with an attempt at gayety, "What a delightful time we ladies shall have with none to molest or make us afraid. The only fear will be, that I shall quite forget my saucy ways if I have no one to practice them upon."

"Suppose you should make me a target for your wit," said the judge, playfully.

"My weapon would only rebound upon myself, with so invulnerable a mark," she replied, in a respectful tone.

A conversation, in which evident constraint was visible, followed, and every one was glad when the meal was at last over. An hour afterward Arthur's horse was brought round to the door, and with an air of extreme embarrassment, he bade Mrs. Daley and Ariana a hasty farewell. The assumed indifference of the latter was so well counterfeited, that her lover rode away with the full conviction that his absence was considered a relief.

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning, Judge Grayson was obliged to leave Castleton to attend a court at a neighboring village, and the ladies were left in sole possession of the mansion.

"How dull it is here to-day," said Ariana, to her sister, as they were *tete-a-tete*, while Mrs. Grayson was occupied with domestic affairs. "I just saw a pair of boots at the door of the opposite chamber, and it was actually a delightful sight. I really think that everlasting overcoat of Madison's would be a pleasant addition to our prospect in this dearth of mankind."

Jane was delighted at a chance to revenge herself for all Ariana's attacks upon the odd ways of the professor. "What ails you," she said, "to make such strange remarks; they come very unexpectedly from such a professed man-hater. Why I have heard you say, that Eden could not be a Paradise to you, if men were allowed to enter it."

"Let by-gones be by-gones, Jenny. We grow wiser every day," said Ariana, playfully. "Do you need me here this morning!"

"No, I shall be busy in copying these receipts for cake, but if you will have an eye to the children who are down stairs, I shall be obliged to you."

Ariana took up her basket containing a pair of slippers, which she was working for Andrew Dormer, and went into the parlor, where she hoped to find Mrs. Grayson.

That lady was, however, not there, but soon came in and setting down her work, commenced one of those easy, confidential chats, which make two people better acquainted than years of intercourse in general society.

"I am going to ask a question, which you will think very strange," said Ariana, at length, "but it would make me so much happier if I was certain about it."

"What is it, dear?" asked the kind lady, with a benevolent smile, which encouraged curiosity.

"Will you then tell me," said Ariana, hesitatingly, "if Judge Grayson is always as kind and agreeable at home as he appears to us?"

The tears rose to Mrs. Grayson's eyes as she answered, "He has never been otherwise. I could not with propriety have replied to your question if I had not testimony to bear to his never failing love and kindness."

"Oh! how glad I am!" exclaimed Ariana, with a fervency that startled her companion. "All the men I know are so disagreeable in their own homes, and so neglectful of the comfort of their wives that I thought the rest of the world were like them."

"It is too true, my child," said Mrs. Grayson, kindly, "that there are those who sacrifice their private peace to their public duties, or exhibit at home the vexation consequent upon lives of constant toil and anxiety. Even where this is the case, however, it is a woman's duty to give her home all the cheerfulness in her power; and if her husband is not in private life what she could wish, the secret should be confined to her own bosom."

Mrs. Grayson was one of the few persons who can give advice so discreetly as not to wound the feelings of the person whom they are trying to benefit. Her last remark made Ariana feel the impropriety of having allowed the faults of her brothers-in-law, who were generous, indeed, tho' their manners were often so disagreeable. Her confession in this respect was so frankly made, that it won upon Mrs. Grayson's affection, and their conversation continued in a still more confidential tone.

Day after day Ariana would glide down into the parlor, to enjoy a *tete-a-tete* with her new friend, while Jane was occupied with her receipts, and the children busy at play. Her laughing philosophy was only the armor of pride, and her warm, generous feelings gushed forth unrestrained, in conversation with Mrs. Grayson. The sportive bursts of humor, which were so perfectly natural to her lively disposition, awoke in the elder lady some of the vivacity of her early years, and Jane would be startled from her monotonous employment, by the sound of their merry laughter. Insensibly the bright, impulsive girl was winding around the heart of her friend, in trying to win whose approbation her own character was rapidly improving.

There was only one subject on which there was not perfect confidence between Mrs. Grayson and Ariana. Arthur's name was never mentioned by either of them. Ariana could not with delicacy, tell his mother how bitterly she was grieved at his departure, but her languid eyes, and frequently wandering thoughts, revealed the truth.

Sometimes, when at evening Judge Grayson returned from court, she saw the affectionate meeting with his dear wife, she would sigh deeply, as if looking on happiness that could never be her own.

The six weeks which Mrs. Daley intended to spend at Castleton, had passed rapidly away. On the morrow the family were to return to the city, and all regretted the necessity for their separation.

As Ariana sat listening to the regrets of Mrs. Grayson and her sister that their intercourse was soon to be terminated, she was unable to command her spirits, and under pretence of breathing the fresh air, walked out upon the piazza. She stood looking toward the stars in melancholy abstraction, when a gentleman came suddenly around the corner of the house, and stood at her side. "Mr. Grayson!" she exclaimed, with such unaffected joy, that a smile of delight beamed on his face as he eagerly seized her proffered hand.

"Did you not then know that I was to return this evening!" he asked. "Could you think that I would allow you to depart without saying farewell!"

"You left us so abruptly, that I did not know what to expect," she replied, blushing deeply.

"Did you not object to coming here lest my presence should mar your enjoyment!" he inquired, mischievously.

"But you know," she replied, with warmth, "what was the reason for that silly remark."

"Why silly! If seeing me at home might destroy your respect, it was quite wise to send me into banishment," he remarked, playfully.

"But I could not have done so, I am sure, now," she replied, earnestly.

"Have you really sufficient faith in any man to believe him free from the faults which I have so often heard you impute to the whole sex!"

The question was put in a jesting tone, but Arthur listened eagerly for her reply.

"Your father's constant politeness has overcome all those foolish prejudices. I do believe that his son may resemble him."

"Would you dare to trust your happiness to the keeping of that son!" he asked with tender earnestness.

"I should," she replied, with characteristic promptness, while a tear glistened in her eye.

"Then why may not this place henceforth be your home. My mother already loves you dearly, and my father's approbation sanctions my suit."

Ariana's consent was easily won to this proposition, and then Arthur went to announce his own arrival to the family circle, while she stole to her apartment to compose her agitated heart.

Mrs. Daley insisted that Ariana should remain with her a month previous to her marriage, and then Mr. Dormer pleaded for a visit of equal length. Andrew would have been quite out of humor at her loss, were it not for the pleasure of hearing that she had given up her rebellious thoughts as to man's supremacy. The professor was so much ameliorated by Jane's more prudent conduct, that he presented the bride elect with a set of very dry books, in token of regard for her choice. Mr. Dormer made her many valuable gifts, though his manner of bestowing favors almost neutralized the pleasure which he otherwise would have conferred.

Ariana Huntingdon has been for many years a happy wife. Arthur Grayson has found that well regulated wit and cheetful independence, heighten domestic life; and Ariana asserts that men deserve the title of Lords of Creation, and that her Arthur, to be fully appreciated, must be seen "at Home."

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	5 75 @ 7 25	Round Hogs,	6 00 @ 7 50
Beans,	1 00 @ 1 38	Cl'r Salt Pork,	8 @ 10
Corn,	80 @ 85	Dried Apples,	5 @ 6
Oats,	30 @ 33	Cooking do.	20 @ 25
Wheat,	1 00 @ 1 10	Winter do.	50 @ 65
Rye,	80 @ 90	Potatoes, new,	30 @ 40
Butter,	13 @ 15	Clover Seed,	12 @ 13
Lard,	6 @ 9	Flax Seed,	1 00 @ 1 00
Cheese,	5 @ 8	H. Grass,	2 50 @ 2 75
Mutton,	3 @ 4	Red Top,	75 @ 80
Chickens,	6 @ 8	Hay, loose,	8 00 @ 9 50
Geese,	4 @ 5	Lime,	85 @ 95
Eggs,	14 @ 15	Fleece Wool,	25 @ 30
Corn Meal,	80 @ 85	Pulled do.	25 @ 30
Rye Meal,	1 00 @ 1 10	Wool skins,	25 @ 60

BRIGHTON MARKET, Nov. 1.

At market 1300 Beef Cattle, 10 pairs Working Oxen, 50 Cows and Calves, 5500 Sheep, 2000 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, $6,00; first quality, $5,75; second, $5,50; third, $5,00 @ $5,25.

WORKING OXEN.—Sales from $65 to $73.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales at $19, $25, $28, and $31.

SHEEP.—Sales from $1,25 to $2,50.

SWINE.—4 @ 4½; retail, 4 @ 5c.

BOSTON MARKET, Nov. 5.

FLOUR.—Sales of Genesee, common brands, $5,50; Ohio and Michigan, $5,37½ @ $5,50; Ohio round hoop, $5,50 @ $5,62½; St. Louis, $5,50 @ $5,75.

GRAIN.—Sales of yellow flat Corn at 68 @ 70c; and white at 64 @ 65c. Northern Oats, 41 @ 42. Delaware, 35 @ 36c. Rye, 65c per bushel, cash.

HAY.—Country hay, per 100 lbs., 75 @ 80c. Screwed hay per cargo per ton $10 00 @ 12 00; at retail per hundred, 65 @ 70c.

Dislocation of the Shoulder.

Plimpton, Mass., July 13, 1849.

Dr. Stanton: Having used your Liniment called HUNT'S LINIMENT for a complaint in my shoulder of most serious character and deriving much relief by its use I feel that I would be doing the public *injustice* not to make my case known, I have induced many of our neighbors to use it, and send you this for further circulation. Four years ago I was taken with a severe pain in my shoulder, which increased for more than a year. The cords contracting so that my shoulder was drawn down a number of inches *below the other* and the joint nearly *dislocated*, attended with pain beyond description. I lived in this agony, employing our most eminent physicians, and trying hundreds of different things recommended, *without finding any relief.* The *last* application was *Hunt's Liniment*, it relieved the pain the moment it was applied, relaxed the ligaments and cords so that instead of having a dislocated joint, as all expected, it gradually improved, and now it looks and feels quite natural. I have used as many as 15 bottles, to the exclusion of all other medicine, and pronounce it a most wonderful remedy. Its virtues every one should know. SUSAN R. BRADFORD.

We concur in our daughter's statement except that she has not told half her suffering. We feel that your Liniment has restored one that we looked upon as *lost.* It is deserving all praise. SAMUEL BRADFORD.

SUSANNAH BRADFORD.

3w45

☞ For sale by all Druggists in this place, by COFREN & BLATCHFORD, wholesale agents, and by one or more merchants in every village, at 25 cents per bottle.

33 GEO. E. STANTON & Co.

Notice to School Agents and Teachers.

The Superintending School Committee will be in session for the examination of Teachers for the Winter Schools, on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 13th, at 2 o'clock, at Winthrop Hall—and on the three following Mondays, viz: Nov. 19th, 26th, and Dec. 3d, at the Selectmen's Office.

SYLVESTER JUDD, } Superintending
W. A. P. DILLINGHAM, } School
ALBERT G. DOLE, } Committee.

Augusta, Oct. 29, 1849.

Jerusalem R. A. C.

In consequence of Thanksgiving having been appointed on the day of the regular meeting of the Chapter, it will hold its session at Masons' Hall, Augusta, on Thursday the 22d inst., at 2 o'clock P. M., at which time a punctual attendance of members, and all interested is required.

Augusta, Nov. 6. 2w

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

In Sebasticook, Oct. 26, Mr. CYRUS WALDRON to Miss PHILANDA HOLT.

In Reading, Mr. WM. H. DYER of Solem, to Miss LUCINDA BEAN.

In Hallowell, Mr. JOSHUA C. HANKS of Lynn, Mass., to Miss SARAH E. GILBERT.

In Vassalboro', Mr. HENRY HEDGE to Miss ALATHEA WEEKS.

In Jay, Mr. JAMES M. HESCOCK of Wilton, to Miss LEONORA PARKER.

In Baltimore, Mr. WM. LOWELL of Wiscasset, to Mrs. HARRIET N. LADD of Edgecomb.

In Paris, Mr. ELEAZER D. MARSHALL to Miss ELIZA J. EDWARDS of Otisfield

In Waterford, Mr. DANIEL BROWN, 2d, to Miss MARY D. STONE.

In Pownal, Mr DAVID N. CUSHMAN of Norway, to Miss ELIZA ANN LUFKIN.

In Eastport, Mr. GEO. MORANG to Miss ADELINE EMERY; Mr. DANIEL McDONALD to Miss MARTHA AKNOS.

In Belfast, Mr. RICHARD F. PATTERSON to Miss CILENDA BOWLES.

In Bath, Mr. WM. PARDY to Miss SUSAN HIGGINS.

In Phipsburg, Capt. JAMES T. MORSE to Miss MARGARET W. SEWALL.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In this town, October 14, L. AUGUSTA MACOMBER, aged 24.

In Forestburg, N. Y., ELIZABETH G. REDINGTON, wife of Hon Isaac Redington, formerly of Waterville.

In Sutterville, Upper California, in December last, EDWARD AUGUSTUS FARWELL, formerly of Dixfield, aged 35.

On board brig Watchman, on passage from Wilmington to Boston, 8th ult., ISAAC TUKESBURY of Belfast, first officer.

In Hallowell, Oct. 29th, Rev. NATHAN B. ROGERS, Pastor of the Congregational Church, aged 29.

In Lynn, Mass., Oct. 29, Mrs. ANN L. RAMSDELL, formerly of Hallowell, aged 36. In this city, Oct. 31, Mr. SAMUEL PUTNAM, late of China, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, respectfully shews, that the personal estate of said deceased, which has come into the hands and possession of the said Administrator, is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of one thousand dollars—that the said administrator therefore makes application to this Court, and prays your Honor that he may be authorized and empowered, agreeably to law, to sell and pass deeds to convey all of the real estate of said deceased.

In Norway, CHLOE HOLT, wife of Darius Holt, aged about 81.

In Bethel, EUNICE FIFIELD, wife of Elbridge Fifield, aged 38.

In Thomaston, SUSANNAH NICHOLSON, wife of Wm. Nicholson, aged 56; JOHN H. ELLIOT, aged 21.

In Bath, SAMUEL PATTEE, aged 63.

In Dresden, LEWIS ALDEN, aged 52.

In Waterboro', BETSEY GRAY, consort of Andrew Gray, aged 79.

In Luber, Dr. H. G. BALCH, aged 72.

MARINE LIST—AUGUSTA.

ARRIVED.

Nov. 1, Schr. H. Nason, Smith, New York.
Hallowell, Walker, Boston.
Andrew Jackson, Pierce, Thomaston.
Alice, Bowler, Boston.
May Flower, Stinchfield, Portland.

CLEARED.

Nov. 1, Schr. New England, Perkins, Georgetown.
J. W. Heath, Heath, Tremont.
Jane, Garland, Sandwich.
Silas Parker, Coffin, Nantucket.
2, Brig Maria, Towner, San Francisco, California.
Schr. Inspector, Treat, Thomaston.
Andrew Jackson, Pierce, Thomaston.
4, Gazelle, Pool, Boston.
James Henry, Kimball, do.
Hallowell, Walker, do.
Alice, Bowler, Salem.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

GEORGE M. ATWOOD,

BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, *GARDINER, Me.*, keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of

SCHOOL BOOKS,

Such as are in general use in this and the adjoining towns, which will be sold as cheap as at any other establishment on the river. G. M. A. keeps a good assortment of

Stationery and Fancy Articles,

Such (in part) as Blank Books of all kinds; Letter, Cap, Bill, Note and Wrapping Paper; Writing Books; Blister; Steel Pens and Holders; Gold and Silver Pencils; Gold Pens; Steel Goods for Bag and Purse Trimmings; Red, Motto, Transparent and Wedding Wafers; Buffalo and Horn Back Combs; Ivory and Horn Dressing Combs; Cologne, Hair Oils and Perfumery; Pen and Pocket Knives, &c. &c. Also, a large stock of **Paper Hangings**, which will be sold at such prices as cannot fail to suit, in order to close off our old stock. We would say, *now is the time to buy CHEAP.* May be found as above, many

Of the Valuable Patent Medicines

Of the day, which are warranted genuine. G. M. A. is Agent for the sale of Piano Fortes; also, Cahart's Patent Improved Melodeon—a beautiful parlor instrument; Accordeons, Sheet Music, Bass Viol and Violin Strings, Singing Books, &c. &c. Persons in want of any of the above articles, are respectfully invited to call before purchasing elsewhere ☞ CASH PAID FOR RAGS. ☜

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE—*Directly opposite the Cobbossee House, Water street.*

Gardiner, Oct. 25, 1849. 6w45

FOR SALE--A FARM,

SITUATED in the central part of Sidney, on the County Middle Road, so called, and 10 miles from Augusta, containing 94 acres, with a Dwelling House and two Barns, a good Orchard and valuable Woodland. A part or the whole will be sold, to suit purchasers. Said Farm was formerly owned by JEREMIAH BLAISDELL. For terms, apply to SAMUEL TITCOMB, Augusta, or in Sidney, of

DANIEL BLAISDELL.

Sidney, Oct. 16, 1849. *6w45

SINGING SCHOOL.

THE subscriber would respectfully announce to the young Gentlemen and Ladies of this vicinity, that he will commence a Singing School in State Street Chapel, on *Tuesday Evening, November 20th, 1849.*

For particulars see bills.

GEORGE W. LANCASTER.

Augusta, Nov. 6, 1849. 45

NOTICE.

THE subscriber has authorized GEO. W. SYLVESTER to Collect all Debts due him, and also to pay all Bills against him. Any person therefore having demands will please call as above, and those indebted will please pay and very much oblige T. S. ROBINSON.

Also, will sell about 50 cords Seasoned WOOD.

Augusta, Nov. 2, 1849. 3w45

DENTAL NOTICE.

D. H. GOODNO, (Dentist,) being about to leave Hallowell, takes pleasure in recommending to his former patrons and the public generally, his successor, (H. M. ADAMS, M. D.) as an honest and skillful Dentist, deserving the confidence and patronage of the public.

HENRY M. ADAMS, M. D.

SURGEON DENTIST,

(Successor to Dr. Goodno) *HALLOWELL, Me.*

Office on Water street, nearly opposite the Post Office, at the rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Goodno.

H. M. A. having located himself permanently at Hallowell, would respectfully announce that he is prepared to attend to all calls in the line of Mechanical and Surgical Dentistry.

REFERS TO J. Hubbard, M. D., F. Allen, M. D., J. Houghton, M. D., M. C. Richardson, M. D., Hallowell; P. Dyer, M. D., New Sharon; S. W. Chase, M. D., Mt. Vernon. 45tf Hallowell, Oct. 23, 1849.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of LEONARD S. PRINCE, late of Winthrop, deceased, can settle with MAY & BURGESS, previous to the first day of January next, *without cost*, at which time all unsettled demands will be put in suit. JOB PRINCE, *Adm'r.*

November 5th, 1849. 45

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Kennebec.

BENJAMIN RUST, of Augusta, in said county, respectfully represents that JOS. PINKHAM, of Sidney, in said county, died intestate, being seized and possessed of real estate, goods, chattels, rights and credits, in said County, which ought to be administered according to law—that 30 days have elapsed since the decease of said Jos. Pinkham, and the widow and next of kin neglect to take out administration of said estate—and your petitioner is a principal creditor of said deceased—therefore, he prays that administration of said estate be granted to some suitable person.

BENJAMIN RUST.

KENNEBEC, ss.—*At a Court of Probate in Augusta, on the 1st Monday of Nov., 1849.*

On the Petition aforesaid, *Ordered*, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend on the first Monday of Dec. next, at the Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and shew cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

Attest—F. DAVIS, *Register.*

Copy of the petition and order thereon.

Attest—F. DAVIS, *Register.* 45

KENNEBEC, ss.—*To the heirs at law and all others interested in the estate of* DANIEL COY, *late of Readfield, in said County, deceased, testate:*

GREETING.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to me for Probate by LEVI COY, the Executor therein named—

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Augusta on the 1st Monday of Dec., 1849, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the 1st Monday of Nov., 1849. D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

Copy. Attest—F. DAVIS, *Register.* 45

To the Hon. D. WILLIAMS, Judge of the Court of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE Petition and Representation of ALPHEUS EWER, Administrator on the estate of JOHN EWER, late of Vassalboro', in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, respectfully shews that the personal estate of said deceased, which has come into the hands and possession of the said Administrator, is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of five hundred and fifty dollars—That the said Adm'r therefore makes application to this Court and prays your Honor that he may be authorized and empowered, agreeably to law, to sell and pass deeds to convey so much of the real estate of said deceased, as will be necessary to satisfy the demands now against said estate, including the reversion of the widow's dower, if necessary, with incidental charges. All which is respectfully submitted. ALPHEUS EWER.

COUNTY OF KENNEBEC, ss.—*At a Court of Probate held in Augusta, on the first Monday of November, 1849.*

On the Petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition with this order thereon, three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend on the last Monday of November inst., at the Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and shew cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. Said court is to be given before said Court.

D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

Attest—F. DAVIS, *Register.*

Copy of the petition and order thereon.

Attest—F. DAVIS, *Register.* 45

KENNEBEC, ss.—*To the heirs at law and all others interested in the estate of* DANIEL COY, *late of Readfield, in said County, deceased, testate:*

GREETING.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to me for Probate by DANIEL COY, the Executor therein named—

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Augusta, on the first Monday of Dec., 1849, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the 1st Monday of Nov., 1849. D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

Copy. Attest—F. DAVIS, *Register.* 45

At a Court of Probate held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the first Monday of Nov., A. D. 1849.

WHEREAS, the Commissioners appointed to set out to JOANNA HAM, widow of JOSEPH HAM, late of Hallowell, in said County, deceased, her dower in the real estate of which the said JOSEPH HAM died seized, having made return of their doings into the Probate Office in said County:

ORDERED, That notice be given to the heirs at law and all others interested in said estate, by publishing, this order three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate

The Muse.

A FANCY.

It was a child—a little child—
He died upon the deep;
The waves were raging stern and wild;
They rocked him into sleep!
His father toiled upon the deck,
And strove, and strove in vain;
A thousand voices cried, "A wreck!"
A never cried again.

The waters maddening in their ire,
A Bedlam of the waves,
Swept down that stout and hardy sire,
To sleep in coral caves.
The boats are near—the crew begin
To leave the crowded bow.
Gone—gone—the waters suck them in!
They have the victory now.

The night is dark, the hulk drives on
Over the lonely sea;
And now, methought a red flash shone
And smote it on the lee.
The torchlight of the tempest came
On wings of ruin fast,
The sea, like hills of rolling flame,
Blushed bloody as it passed.

The hulk is struggling still,—and where,
Where is the little child?
He sleeps upon the cabin chair,
His dreams are soft and mild.
In dreams are closed the angel eyes,
The rosy lips apart,
While thoughts of home and sunny skies
Melt the poor infant heart

And o'er his face such feelings pass,
As move, but may not wake:
Like shadows over waving grass,
Or breezes on a lake.
Once did he stir his drooping hand,
As if he sought another,
And murmuring of some distant land,
He smiled, and lisped—My mother.

The tempest ceased—'twas brief—and still
The old hulk swam the sea,
And idly drifted on, until
It went down silently!
It dropped upon a coral bank,
Its last stout timber riven:
Dream like the vanished vessel sank—
The infant woke in heaven!

The Story-Teller.

From Graham's Magazine.

MEN AT HOME:
OR THE PRETTY MAN-HATER.

BY MRS. C. B. MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

What droll scenes hobgoblins and sprites catch a peep at, in their perambulations through this ludicrous world of ours!

Now we, poor mortals, rarely stumble upon anything funny, because, forsooth, we must ring the bell, or knock at the door, and then people throw themselves into proper positions and put on their company faces, and the farce is at an end. No human being, for instance, could have walked, unannounced, into Miss Ariana Huntingdon's boudoir, on that morning when Mr. Atherton Burney was kneeling at her feet, but the merry sprites gathered around, and it is a wonder that he did not hear them shout:

"Ha! ha! the wooing o't."

Mr. Burney's courtship was by no means a premeditated affair. Who ever thinks exactly *how* he shall tell pleasant news? Such, that gentleman thought, would be the intelligence of his most honorable preference, and now that Miss Ariana looked coldly on his suit, he was lost in wonder at the blindness to her own interest which she exhibited. Like most men, he never dreamed that a refusal could arise from personal dislike, and while wounded pride turned his attempt at a pathetic face into a wry one, he desired to know the motives which had induced so uncomplimentary a decision.

Miss Ariana's face wore the expression of Sir Joshua Reynold's "Mucipula" excepting that it said, "I have caught a man!" instead of "a mouse;" but she remembered that a respectable offer must be respectfully treated, and covering the smile lurking around her mouth with one of her plump little hands, she looked as gravely as she could from out her mischievous hazel eyes. It might have been nervousness which kept her tiny foot in motion, but it seemed very like a desire to make a football of her kneeling suitor.

"I have two reasons, sir," she said, "for declining the honor you intended me. The first is, I have determined not to marry at all, and the second, that you are by no means the person likely to make me change this resolution."

Had Mr. Burney been practicing that exercise in gymnastics, by which one *rises* at a single jerk from a horizontal to an upright position, he could not more suddenly have changed his suppliant attitude to the most rigid of perpendiculars.

"Madam," he replied, in that husky voice which men in a passion assume when trying to appear cool. "Madam, the first reason is so singular for a person in your situation, that the second excites no surprise."

Ariana was an orphan and dependent upon her brother-in-law. Her *piquante* face exhibited no irritation at this insulting remark; although the motion of her pugnacious little foot was somewhat quickened, a merry laugh was the only rejoinder.

Mr. Atherton Burney was prepared for a burst of indignant scorn, but he found no words to express his surprise and indignation at this ill-timed mirth; he wheeled round as if on drill, "right about face," and made a "forward march," which did not terminate till he found himself, hat in hand, upon the pavement of Washington Square. His head and his temper being by this time a little cooled, his few scattering brains were again packed in their narrow-brimmed receptacle, and none who met Mr. Atherton Burney that day on the *pave*, suspected that behind his elegant moustache a refusal was sticking in his throat.

CHAPTER II.

No two persons are more dissimilar than a gentleman dining-out, and the same individual quietly taking a family dinner at home. The smiling guest has a keen relish for every article placed before him, and should the rules of etiquette not allow him to express his gratification in words, he manifests in every possible way his entire approbation of the cuisine of his host.

Mr. Andrew Dormer was a favorite guest at the tables of his wealthy fellow-citizens. His perfect suavity of manner, his keen appreciation of gastronomic art, and his skillful carving, won greater favor than would the possession of the richest treasures of learning or the highest intellectual endowments. "A clever fellow," was Andrew Dormer when dining out. But, whereas the rules of society require that a guest should be pleased with every thing, the modern social economy demands that the master of a family should, at home, be pleased with nothing. The forement oned sprites of the air who attended at the family dinners of the Dormers, were beginning to look glum; the only bright things to be seen on these occasions were the polished knives and Miss Ariana's eyes.

The door had scarcely closed after the exit of Mr. Atherton Burney, when the shuffling and stamping were heard by which the lord of the mansion was wont to announce his arrival. Before the meek Mrs. Dormer obtained a view of that redoubtable personage, a scolding soliloquy fell upon her trembling ear.

"Nothing ever in order in this house! A mat I bought only a month ago, all torn to rags! Smell of dinner coming all the way to the front door! Overdone! Knew it by the first snuff! Bad servants! All this comes of a careless mistress. Harriet! Harriet! I say!"

"What is it, Andrew!" inquired the soft voice of Mrs. Dormer, as she put her head timidly out of the dining-*room* door.

"Nothing in this house but rack and ruin," exclaimed Mr. Dormer, dashing more vinegar into his tone and manner than either the occasion or his own feelings required. "What's the use of buying any thing, I say, if this is the way it is to be treated!" And he pointed at the mat, which his own outrageous stamping had torn to tatters.

Ariana had the same instinctive knowledge of a family feud as the war-horse has of a battle, and rushed to the charge in her sister's defense.

"What!" she exclaimed, "all that hemp left of the mat you have tried so faithfully to annihilate! When I heard your last furious attack, I did not think there would be a single shred remaining in the shape of a mat."

Such a beseeching look as Mrs. Dormer gave Ariana as she herself stood trembling in her shoes!

What was the reason that, instead of becoming indignant at the impertinence of his sister-in-law, Mr. Dormer tried to look amiable! It might have been that he read that mischievous glance, which said, "Ignoble ambition to be a triton among 'minnows.'"

If Ariana had not been dependent she would have been less saucy, but so fearful was she of becoming cringing from interested motives, that she went to the other extreme, and dared

"To beard the lion in his den."

The brother-in-law could no more dispense with her racy society, than with pungent sauces for his piscatory favorites. Instead of becoming angry when Ariana declared that she had seen too much of men at home ever to marry, he was heartily glad of a determination which insured the continuance under his roof of his merry antagonist.

Never was married woman so wretched that she discouraged matrimony among her young relatives and friends. Scarcely were the Dormers seated at dinner, and the first outbreak of invectives against cook, waiter and market-woman at an end, than the meek Harriet remarked, with an attempt at the playfulness for which she was distinguished before broken to the hymeneal yoke: "Ariana, you had better have the ham placed before you, that you may learn to carve, as I suspect from the visit which you received this morning that you will soon be at the head of your own table."

Mr. Dormer checked the grimace by which he was expressing disgust at the over-done mutton before him, and stared, but ventured not a question.

"Never more mistaken in your life, sister. Mr. Dormer cannot spare me," was Ariana's laughing reply; "he would burst a blood-vessel in one of his fury-fits, if I were not here to soothe him."

"Am I such a tyrant then!" asked Mr. Dormer, in nearly as humble a tone as his wife would have used.

"A very despot; but not worse at heart than most men. There is scarcely one who does not revenge himself for the rude world's buffetings, by inflicting all sorts of petty annoyances upon those at home," was the calm reply.

"You will certainly be an old maid, Ariana," remarked Mrs. Dormer, as she cast a furtive glance at the engrossing object of all her thoughts.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished," said Ariana, smiling at the fearful tone in which the remark was made. "I had rather be caged in a menagerie, than obliged from morning to night to listen to the growling of a human tiger."

"Mr. Atherton Burney is very mild, and only needs a gentle shepherdess to make him perfectly lamb-like," said Mr. Dormer, with an attempt at sportiveness which reminded his sister of the fabled donkey emulating the lap-dog's playfulness.

"I never liked pastorals," she began, but the time for joking was at an end.

The servant, in handing Mr. Dormer a glass of water, spilled part of the contents upon his plate, and stood trembling at the angry rebuke which his carelessness had called forth.

"Misnamed lords of creation," thought Ariana for the hundredth time, as she saw what a trifle had disturbed her brother's equanimity.

There was a dead silence for a few moments, only broken by the clatter of knives and forks, and then Mr. Dormer, casting very much such a glance at his sister-in-law as a naughty boy would at his offended mamma, muttered—"the steamer is in to-day, and the banks are breaking faster than ever."

Mrs. Dormer looked sympathetic at this intelligence, and Ariana remarked kindly—"Business troubles you then! It must be tormenting," and a suspicion flushed across her mind that men, after all, might sometimes have an excuse for their ill-humor.

"Well, if we are to lose our money, let us keep our temper," she added, as she rose to leave the table. Then turning to her sister she said—"Don't sit up for me, Harriet. If I am not at home before nine, I shall stay all night at sister Jane's—she sent for me to spend the evening with her, and—and you know it is always quite uncertain whether Mr. Daley will be in a humor to escort me home.

CHAPTER III.

If I were only sure that fishes did not feel, I should not mind hooking them, said a lad of tender heart.

Miss Ariana Huntingdon was convinced that men did not feel, and therefore had not the slightest scruple in taking captive as many as came within range of her fascinations.

Had the misanthropical little coquette been old, or ugly, the stronger sex would have risen in a body to expel her from the city, but being very young and very pretty, they seemed to love her all the better for her alleged heresy as to man's supremacy.

"That is one of the most beautiful apparitions that I ever met," said a young gentleman who caught a glimpse of our heroine upon a fashionable promenade, crowded with insipid faces, whose fair unmeaningness was made more conspicuous from being contrasted with the gayest of colors.

"Ashes of roses" would have been the only appropriated hue for some of these *passe* damsels, of whose bloom certainly but the cinders were remaining, on which the marks of their former beauty were faintly traced in flittering characters.

There was a peculiar freshness and individuality in Ariana's appearance, arising from her clear, original intellect, which made her always noticed, even by those who did not admire the piquant style of her beauty. Then her dress, without trespassing upon the mode of the season, bore some tasteful addition, so unique, that it was at once surmised that she must be very *distingue* to be allowed such independence.

"Madame Bonheurie has not a hat trimmed in that manner," said a characterless parvenu, who could not have afforded even a ribbon without a pedigree.

The article of dress, thus criticised, was a hat of delicate rose-color, but, alas! instead of wearing the stiff top-knots of ribbon which were then in vogue, Ariana had arranged the trimming so as to drop upon one side, without hiding the swan-like throat of its *petite* wearer. Her mantle, too, though unexceptionable in the richness and color of the velvet, was but slightly trimmed, and its graceful sleeves were quite unlike the stiff armlets through which some fair ladies' hands were peeping in unnatural constraint.

Ariana, while smiling sweetly on her acquaintances, so moderated her tokens of favor upon this particular day, that no one stepped to her side to offer their escort, for she was deep in meditation.

"Am I really anxious to be an old maid?" was the question she was revolving in her own mind, and every antiquated maiden whom she met seemed to weigh against the affirmative that an hour since she would have been ready to pronounce.

"Yes," however, sprung to her lips as she entered the parlor of Professor Daley, or rather study, as it might more appropriately be named. All signs of feminine refinement were neutralized in this uncomfortable apartment by huge piles of books, placed where most convenient for that gentleman.

If Mrs. Daley flew into a passion on the subject, and declared that she had seldom a place where a guest could be seated, he took up another volume, and perhaps, laid the one he had been reading upon the only vacant chair.

"You are the rudest man in the world, Madison," was Ariana's involuntary exclamation, as her learned connection gave her a kind of *chin bow* when she entered the apartment, without appearing to favor her with a single glance.

"That is what I always tell him," rejoined Jane, who seemed, as is the case with some one in most families, to have absorbed all the spirit intended amply to endow the whole; "read, read, from morning till night. I might as well have no husband."

Like the boy under stoical tuition, if Mr. Daley had learned nothing else from philosophy, it had enabled him to meet reproach with perfect calmness. It is questionable, however, if that mode of meeting reproach is *a* virtue, which, instead of turning away wrath, infuriates it beyond all bounds. Mr. Daley's perfect indifference to the happiness of every living thing, was the alkali to the acid of Mrs. Daley's character, and produced violent fermentation. How cold those blue eyes of his looked through the green spectacles worn to repair the effect of constant study by lamp-light! It would have been well if the carpet could have been defended from the effects of these nocturnal vigils, as many a spot was visible in spite of the constant wear which had reduced the once elastic Brussels to a floor-cloth consistency.

Home, to a man of science, was only a place where the torch of mind was to be re-lighted; his wife, a being who fed it with oil, and her house the mere laboratory used for those supplies of a physical nature which made the ethereal flame burn purer and brighter.

What a pity it is that all who are destined to play the part of cyphers have not a taste for nonentity! Mrs. Daley, as she often told her husband, who, however, had not once seemed to hear the remark, "never dreamed before her marriage that it would come to this." To be sure he had been a different man as a lover, but it was one of the standing wonders of the world how the wise and the great ever condescended to the foolishness of courting; yet philosophers in love are always lamentably absent, and being quite out of their element, flounder away more boisterously than any other kind of fish, but marriage puts them again at ease, and then their cold blood creeps on uninterrupted in its sluggish course.

"Old maid or not old maid," again passed through Ariana's mind as her eyes rested on Mr. Daley's boots, which, in their turn, rested upon the marble mantle-piece.

"Literary men are I presume all just such bears, and men of business like Andrew." Single-blessedness would have carried the day had not the most finical of her maiden acquaintance arisen to efface the images of the brother-in-law.

"Do these old books make you happy, Madison Daley!" she asked, when her sister was quite exhausted with the relation of her grievances. The Professor had been caught looking up at the cessation of the sound of his wife's tongue, which he seemed to have imagined was to be perpetual.

One cannot pretend to deafness as easily when they meet the eye of a questioner, and a cold "Yes," fell from the thin lips of the philosopher. He instantly resumed reading a "Treatise upon the promotion of individual happiness, as the only certain way of enhancing national prosperity."

It was a lucky thing for Ariana, that with her quick perception of character she had so strong a love for the ludicrous, for what otherwise might have aroused her indignation now only excited her mirth. The incongruity between Professor Daley's philanthropic studies and his habitual selfishness, struck her as so droll that she burst into a merry peal of laughter. The astonished glance of the Professor at this sudden merriment said quite plainly, "Is the girl demented!" and Jane's querolous voice, still more audibly,

"It is easy enough to laugh at other people's misfortunes! I only wish that I may live to see you married, and yet as much alone and as dependent on your own exertions, as if you had no natural protector."

Ariana knew by long experiance that her sister considered Mr. Daley's faults as her exclusive property, and wished others to speak of him always as if he were a model of a man. When she spoke in society herself of her learned husband, no one would have dreamed that she had discovered the feet of her idol to be of clay, but in *tete-a-tetes* she even insinuated to him that they were slightly cloven.

Ariana had a good share of mother wit, and knew very well the wisdom of exciting a counteracting passion when she had subjected herself to reproof by her open disrespect toward her learned brother-in-law.

"You told me, sister," she said soothingly, "that you expected company, and my aid would be needed in preparing for their reception."

All Mrs. Daley's motions were sudden, and at this remark she started up, exclaiming, "There! I have not given half my orders in the kitchen, and I dare say that the children have put the dining-room all out of order while I have been talking here. Do go and see to them, while I tell Betty what linen to put on the bed in the spare room."

One would have thought that the dining-room might have been sacred to eating and drinking, but the Professor had insisted on piling the surplus of his library in one corner of this cold, parlor-looking apartment. People have various ideas of comfort, but to Ariana's eyes the disorder which her pretty little niece and nephew had caused was rather an improvement.

Archie had built a very respectable house out of the Eucyclopedias, and a large stone inkstand, which luckily was corked, served very well, when turned upside down, for a parlor centre-table. A smaller one and an accompanying sand-box, from his mother's escritoir, answered for ottomans, and upon them two table-napkins, with strings round their waists, to improve their figures, were sitting up, quite like ladies and gentlemen.

The bright faces of Archie and Etty wore a troubled expression, at the opening of the door, but it turned to one of unfeigned delight as they both scampered toward Ariana, exclaiming—"Oh, aunty, come and see our pretty baby-house. We have found out such a nice way of using pa's tiresome old books."

Like the cat transformed to a lady, who always showed her feline origin at the sight of a mouse, Ariana seemed always to return to childhood when in company with Archie and Etty. Mrs. Daley might as well have set a monkey to keep them out of mischief, for down dropped the moderator on the floor beside the baby-house, and commenced twisting the napkins into most ludicrous imitations of humanity. Etty finding that her aunty was thus employed, she could get a nice chance at playing with her hair, slily drew out the comb and fell to "turning it" over her little fingers, while Archie clapped his hands and danced about in wild delight at the beauty of the napkin ladies and gentlemen—Hark! there was a footstep in the hall—no! two. The door opened and the Professor, with scarcely a glance at the occupants of the room, thrust into it a tall, fine-looking stranger, and merely saying, "My sister-in-law, Cousin Arthur," retreated.

Ariana was so much amused at this strange introduction of the visiter, that she scarcely thought of her own disorderdered appearance.

"So brother Madison has ejected you, sir, from his study at once," she said, smiling. "His way of making people completely at home is by turing them out of his own door. Do take a seat with us children, and my sister will be here presently."

Arthur Grayson had a great respect for his cousin, the Professor, having never seen him in domestic life, and only knowing his high reputation among the scientific men of the day. He was ignorant of the reason why Ariana spoke in so disrespectful a tone of so near a connection, and it seemed a want of politeness.

"No beauty can atone for such rudeness," he thought to himself, but replied courteously, "My cousin probably knew what society I should find most entertaining, and I am glad that he did not allow me to trespass upon his time."

Before Ariana could answer this remark, Jane emerged from a stair-case leading to the kitchen, with a bowl in her hand, exclaiming, "Do, Ariana, stir up this cake."

In her surprise at the sight of the stranger, the bowl slipped from her hand and fell on the floor, scattering its yet fluid contents in every direction. Our pretty man-hater turned mischievously toward Arthur Grayson, to observe how he bore the bespattering of the very elegant suit of broadcloth in which his unexceptionable form was enveloped, but instead of betraying any marks of irritation, he said with perfect self-command and good-humor, "I presume that the dispenser of such good things can only be that Lady Bountiful, my Cousin Jane, of whose open-handed hospitality I have often heard."

It could never have been said of Mrs. Daley that she was

"Mistress of herself though china fall."

And to have lost china and cake both together was quite too severe a trial of her patience.

Ariana immediately came to her relief, by saying to the guest very politely, "Will you walk into the study with me, sir. I assure you that Madison does not care how many people are there, so he is saved from the task of entertaining them."

"It is all the fault of that selfish animal," she added mentally. "What is the use of all the learning in the world if unmixed with a particle of common sense."

CHAPTER IV.

A week after Arthur Grayson's arrival in the city, the following letter was received at his father's delightful residence on the banks of the Susquehanna:

"My dearest Mother,—Were it not for the domestic happiness I have witnessed at home, I should begin to believe that no literary man ought ever to marry. When I remember your anecdotes of the mischievous pranks of little Madison Daley, and then look at his immovable face, I can scarcely believe that he is the same individual. His soul, during the last seven years, must have as completely changed as the elements of that stiff-knit frame, which day and night is bent over some ponderous volume, for not an atom of playfulness or bonhommie now enters into his composition. Perhaps a "silent loving woman" might have retarded the metamorphosis, but Cousin Jane is of quite a different class. Out of respect to you, dear mother, I try always to think that women are free from blame, and sincerely commiserate the philosopher's wife, who makes me thoroughly uncomfortable, by trying to make me comfortable, and her children wretched in endeavoring to bring them up properly. Her promised visit to Castleton, will, I am sure, be a green spot in her existence, and the mummy husband makes no opposition to the excursion. Will you have the kindness to include in your invitation, Miss Ariana Huntingdon, a sister of Madison's wife, whom I should like you to know as a peculiar specimen of womanhood. She has wit and beauty enough to fascinate any man, were it not for her having conceived so thorough and unfeminine a contempt for mankind, that she is often guilty of such rudeness that my heart resists all her attractions. Andrew Dormer and Madison Daley are not, it is true, such men as would give any person of discernment a high respect for our sex, yet it is a mark of a little mind to condemn whole classes for the faults of individuals. Then Miss Ariana is an arrant little coquette, insisting that it is of service to a man to break his heart, as it will have a little softness ever afterward, whereas it otherwise would continue all stone. We have many pleasant tilts on these subjects, and when pushed for a reason, she always maintains her cause by such cunning sarcasms, that I am always obliged to own myself defeated. 'Men at home!' is her frequent exclamation, in a tone of perfect contempt, at any new proof of the selfishness of her brothers-in-law. I wonder if she would dare to utter this sneer at the lords of creation, after seeing my honored father under his own hospitable roof. Please say to him that I have almost completed the business entrusted to my care, and shall return home in two weeks from to-morrow. Till then, I remain as ever,

"Your devoted son,

"Arthur Grayson."

"This old study is not such a disagreeable room after all," said Ariana, as she was esconced in the low window seat, with Arthur Grayson beside her. They were hidden from the view of her brother-in-law by his long overcoat, which no remonstrances could induce him to have hung elsewhere. "Madison has probably discovered that the parlors of Herculaneum were thus ornamented," she continued, pointing to a pair of boots which were standing in the midst of the apartment.

"It is a very pleasant room to me," he replied, "and I shall long remember the hours spent here."

A glance of joy shot from Ariana's eyes, but it passed away as she thought, "I dare say both of my brothers-in-law used to say just such agreeable things before they were married." "If I ever meet with a man who tries to be disagreeable, I believe that he is sincere," she replied, somewhat pettishly.

"Why do you suspect me of hypocrisy?" said Arthur, coldly. "I remarked that our pleasant chats had cheated me of many weary hours; you cannot doubt that this is the case. I neither said nor intended more."

Ariana had always applauded sincerity, but his frank avowal did not meet her approbation. The *tete-a-tete* was becoming awkward, and was luckily interrupted at this juncture by the ring of the postman. A letter was handed to Mr. Grayson; it contained a note which he gave to Miss Huntingdon. She blushed at seeing that it bore the signature of Isabella Grayson, and was penned in a feminine hand, of remarkable delicacy and beauty. The flush on her cheek grew absolutely crimson, as she read the polite invitation to accompany her sister on a visit to Castleton the ensuing month. At that moment Arthur Grayson was wishing that he had not induced his mother to extend her hospitality, as Ariana had of late openly announced her predilections for single blessedness, and had at the same time been so bewitchingly agreeable, that he began to feel that her society was dangerous to his peace.

"I fear I must decline this invitation," said she, after a pause of some minutes.

"For what reason!" he asked, while his dark eyes were fixed in close scrutiny upon her varying countenance.

Ariana blushed still deeper, and then attempted to smile, but a tear stole to her eye as she replied with great frankness, "We have spent so many delightful hours together that your memory will be very pleasant, but I am afraid that the charm would be broken if I were to see you at home."

This confession almost drew from Arthur one of still deeper import, but a remembrance flashed upon him of all he had heard of Ariana's coquetry, and he merely replied, "If that is all, I will remain away from Castleton, rather than deprive my mother and Mrs. Daley of the pleasure of your society."

This proposition, however, was by no means agreeable.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, "I have no idea of exiling you on my account, only promise to try and not be very disagreeable."

This pledge was easily given. Soon after a messenger arrived to say that Mr. Dormer was quite unwell, and begged that Mrs. Daley would spare Ariana.

If there be any where in the world a striking instance of the fallen pride of humanity, a sick man affords the example.

When Ariana returned, Mr. Dormer was lying on the sofa, in the parlor, in his gay dressing-gown, having absolutely refused to go to his chamber and be regularly treated as a patient. Harriet stood by him with a wine-glass of medicine in one hand, and a saucer of sweetmeats in the other, trying to coax the invalid to swallow the dose she had so carefully prepared for him. The naughtiest of boys never made up such rueful faces, or protested more willfully against the disagreeable injunction.

"There 's no use," he said at last, angrily; "I'd rather die than swallow such stuff."

"But, dear Andrew, what could I do without you?" said the affectionate Mrs. Dormer, now almost in tears.

A sudden and violent pain made her husband inclined to change his resolution, and snatching the glass, he said, "There, give me the sweetmeats, quick." With much writhing and choking, he swallowed a dose which one of his children would have taken without a murmur.

"What is the matter, Andrew?" asked Ariana, kindly, as she stepped to his side.

"Matter enough," he replied, "my stomach is entirely ruined by the horrid messes on which I have been fed for the last month. A horse could not have stood the cooking to which I have been forced to submit."

Mr. Dormer, after smoking his digestive organs out of order, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, now actually believed that he was an injured man, victimized by a bad cook and a careless wife.

Such a miserable week as followed this scene had rarely fallen to Ariana's lot, but she was really grateful to Mr. Dormer for his disinterested kindness to her, and relieved her sister of much trouble and care. Every day that detained the peevish patient from his business, made him still more unreasonable and exacting. He would have been well much sooner if any one could have induced him to obey the orders of the physician. After a dose of calomel, he would insist on a hearty dinner of beef-steak, and when purposely kept in a low state to prevent the danger of fever, called loudly for wine or brandy, declaring that his wife would like nothing better than to see his strength so reduced that there could be no hope of his recovery.

The servants were so exhausted with his caprices that the chambermaid took French leave, and then Mrs. Dormer, who had double duty to perform, was taxed with inattention to his wants.

"I wonder if Arthur Grayson has a strong constitution!" was the question which passed thro' Ariana's mind, as she witnessed the daily martyrdom of her meek sister. Now the dressing was all torn from the blisters of the impatient invalid, then the covering thrown off, and a moment after a complaint made that some outer door had been left open on purpose to freeze him to death. Every dose of medicine was taken with a struggle, every word of advice regarded as an infringement on his rights.

Where was that clever fellow, Andrew Dormer! What would the merchants on 'change have said to the transformation? Nothing, we presume, for like himself, they were few of them clever fellows to their own wives and servants.

CHAPTER V.

It is quite an objection to rail-roads and steamboats that they present so few inconveniences as to give one but little opportunity of discovering the temper and good-breeding of their fellow passengers. Nobody is crowded within, nobody has to sit without, no one is sick on the back seat, or lacks support on the middle one, as used to be the case in those dear old stage-coaches, where persons were shaken out of all ceremony, and jostled into a pleasant acquaintance.

A private carriage, however, if well filled, has still its points of trial; and the Grayson equipage, when packed with the Daley family, promises to exercise the patience of its inmates.

Of course, the ladies were too modern to be troubled with bandboxes; but Mrs. Daley's beautiful traveling-bag, which had been worked by her sister, needed as much tending as a baby; and the bouquet of flowers, which Ariana was carrying from a city green-house to Mrs. Grayson, in a tin case, wanted great care, being sprinkled every time that the horses were watered.

Arthur Grayson had been early schooled to consider annoyance at petty evils as totally unworthy of a man of sense, and there was no affectation in his indifference to his own ease while making the ladies as comfortable as lay within his power. He even succeeded in beguiling Etty from Ariana's arm to his own, and Jane's brow grew smoother at every mile, from finding the children so easily amused. Archie Daley had a quick inquiring mind, and drank in eagerly all the information which his friend gave with regard to the objects that they passed on the road. At length, wearied with pleasure, he fell asleep, leaning his whole weight on Arthur's, while Etty slumbered on his breast, as much at home as if in her nurse's arms.

Ariana had been unusually silent during the journey. The peculiar gentleness of her companion, his delicate attentions to Jane and herself, with his sweet consideration for the children, and carelessness of her own comfort, made her wish that the journey might be long, and suggested the thought how happy any one would be, who should enjoy such protection through life.

These reflections gave an unusual softness to her generally vivacious manners, which was peculiarly attractive; and Arthur, as he glanced at the little sleeper on his bosom, and then at the sweet smile on Ariana's face, had his own dreams also of domestic bliss.

These gentle thoughts had not faded from the hearts of our travelers, nor the light of the setting sun from the evening sky, when they entered the open gates of Castleton. An elderly gentleman, of noble appearance, stood on the porch of his fine mansion, to welcome the strangers. His dignified yet kindly manners impressed Ariana with instant respect, but she felt a still deeper emotion in receiving the cordial greetings of Mrs. Grayson. Arthur's mother was still a beautiful woman, though her hair was slightly silvered with age, for her dark eye was intellectually bright, while a smile of uncommon sweetness played around her pleasant mouth. The heart of the orphan was touched by the motherly kindness of tone with which she was welcomed; and as she heard the joyful greetings which Arthur received from both his parents, and the tender respect with which it was returned, she felt that there was a happiness in domestic life of which she had scarcely dreamed.

"We must not forget your health, Mary, in our pleasure at seeing our friends," said Judge Grayson, to his wife, as he gently placed her arm in his, and led the way to the cheerful parlor.

How much expression there is in the interior of any dwelling! That tastefully ornamented room, provided with every comfort for the elder members of the family, and filled with materials of amusements for all persons of cultivated minds, breathed nothing but peace and joy.

Arthur placed a footstool at his mother's feet, and then rang for a servant, to show the ladies to their apartment, while Judge Grayson was helping them to disencumber themselves from some of their numerous wrappings. Archie had loitered to take a ride on the porch, where he had spied a rocking-horse, which had been brought down from the garret with a view to his amusement, while Etty had caught up a kitten which seemed used to nothing but kindness.

"What an excellent housekeeper Mrs. Grayson appears to be!" was Jane's exclamation, the moment that they reached their apartment. "They say that the judge is a learned man, but I do not see any thing that looks like it."

A disorderly dwelling, and a cold disagreeable man at its head, were to Mrs. Daley, alas! the usual indications of the abode of literature. She had not noticed that one little cabinet of books in the parlor, contained some very profound works, and that the large room opposite, was a well furnished library.

The beautiful art of making others happy had been so completely studied by Mrs. Grayson, that before the evening passed away, Mrs. Daley and her sister scarcely remembered that they were guests. As Ariana began to feel perfectly at home, her natural vivacity arose, and the judge smiled pleasantly at her lively rejoinders to the playful remarks of his son.

Now and then Mrs. Grayson looked up a little seriously, from her conversation on family affairs with Jane, as if afraid that Arthur might be tempted to some slight rudeness, in replying to the gay sallies of his companion.

CHAPTER VI.

When Ariana awoke the next morning, she feared that her last night's enjoyment had been all a dream; but a glance around her chamber convinced her that at least she was not in the *habitation of either of her sisters.*

The sound of a loud, manly voice below, fully restored her to consciousness, and with it came the tormenting thought that it must be Judge Grayson. I am afraid that after all he is like other men at Home, was her mental ejaculation.

The voice came nearer, but its tones were not harsh, and Ariana now distinctly heard the words, 'Up, up, Arthur! Your mother wishes a letter sent to the village, and we ride there on horseback before breakfast. Hurry, my boy!"

"Here I am, sir, booted and spurred," was distinctly audible, in a gay, yet respectful tone. And then the cheerful voices of father and son, as they mounted their horses and rode away.

"Take another muffin, Miss Ariana," said the judge, as they sat at breakfast. "It may be vanity, but I think my wife always manages to have nicer muffins than are found any where else in the whole country. I know Arthur is of the same opinion, for he gives us the best possible proof of it."

The son gave a smiling assent, and Ariana thought of Andrew Dormer and his habit of finding fault with every thing that was placed before him.

It is not much the fashion at the present day for young men to consult their parents with regard to their love affairs, but Arthur Grayson walked closely in the footsteps of his father, and he was a gentleman of the old school. Were this mode more prevalent, there would not be so many unhappy mothers-in-law and such miserable wives.

The visiters from the city had spent two days at Castleton before Arthur could ask his mother's advice about the subject which lay nearest his heart. The moment, however, that he found an opportunity of speaking to her alone, he said, eagerly, "What do you think of Ariana?"

"A question that I am not yet qualified to answer, my son," was her reply, while she looked earnestly into his troubled face, as if seeking to discover how deeply he was interested in the inquiry, which he had just made.

"You do not like her, I see plainly," he hastily remarked, in a tone of bitter disappointment.

"You are much mistaken in that supposition, my dear Arthur. On the contrary, her frankness and talents interest me exceedingly, and even her faults make me anxious for a more intimate acquaintance, for I think that I might be of service n aiding her to overcome them. I am not sure, however, that she would be a suitable companion for life for my darling son, if that is what you wish to know."

"Then I must not stay here any longer," he exclaimed, impetuously. "I have too much confidence in your judgment to believe that I could ever be happy with any one, of whose character you disapproved. I feared that it would be so."

"You are too hasty, Arthur. Why does the opinion I have expressed make it necessary for you to leave home?"

"Because I have discovered that I love her too well to trust myself longer in her society," he answered, with agitation.

"Then you are right in your resolution. Why do you not make your long promised visit to Carysford Lee! If I find on further acquaintance that Ariana is worthy of your affection, you shall not long remain in ignorance of the conclusion."

"Thank you," Arthur replied, and then sorrow of heart prevented him from adding more, but kissing affectionately his mother's pale cheek, he hastily left the apartment.

Ariana's face was radiant with smiles when she descended to the dining-room. Her gayety, however, quickly disappeared when Arthur, who sat next to her at the table, asked abruptly, "Have you any commands for my friend, Lee; I am going this afternoon to Allendale, to remain with him for a few weeks."

[conclusion on third page.]

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And similar complaints, consequent on sudden changes of the weather, eating unripe fruit and unwholesome food, &c. It is also adapted to the DIARRHEA of CHILDREN while teething, and the various complaints of the Stomach and Bowels to which they are liable. PRICE, 25 cts.

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I have been sorely afflicted with a distressing cough, attended with asthma, for thirty years, especially during the winter season. For some 8 or 10 years past I have expended a large amount of money in endeavoring to regain my health, and have tried nearly all the preparations of the day, with little or no benefit. During the fore part of last winter I was much worse than usual, very much worn down with my cough, and emaciated so that I was unable to attend to my business. I felt discouraged and began to conclude with my friends that my case was hopeless. While in this situation, a friend called to see me and advised me to purchase a bottle of Hunter's Pulmonary Balsam, and a box of Ind. Dyspepsia Pills prepared by Curtis & Co., of this city, saying he had made use of them in a case very similar, and had been cured. I had very little or no confidence in any patent medicines, having tried many and found no relief, and objected to send for them for some time. At the earnest solicitude of several who declared they had found relief from them, I purchased a bottle of the Balsam and a box of the pills. Very soon after I commenced using them I was relieved from the distress at my lungs, my cough became loose and I raised easy. Soon after, my cough began to disappear, and in less than a month it was entirely cured. My lungs now appear perfectly well, and have been so for months. I believe the Balsam and Pills *SAVED MY LIFE.* I have made use of it since for my children in case of colds and coughs, and it has universally given them immediate relief, and cured the cough. I do most cheerfully recommend it to the public, believing it the *best article in the world* for all lung complaints, asthma, &c. JOHN THOMPSON.

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